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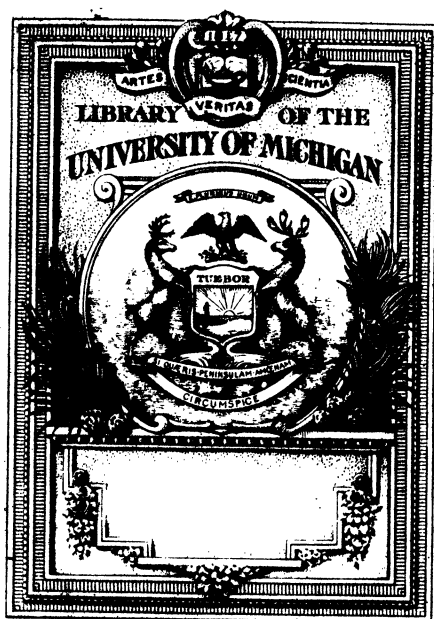


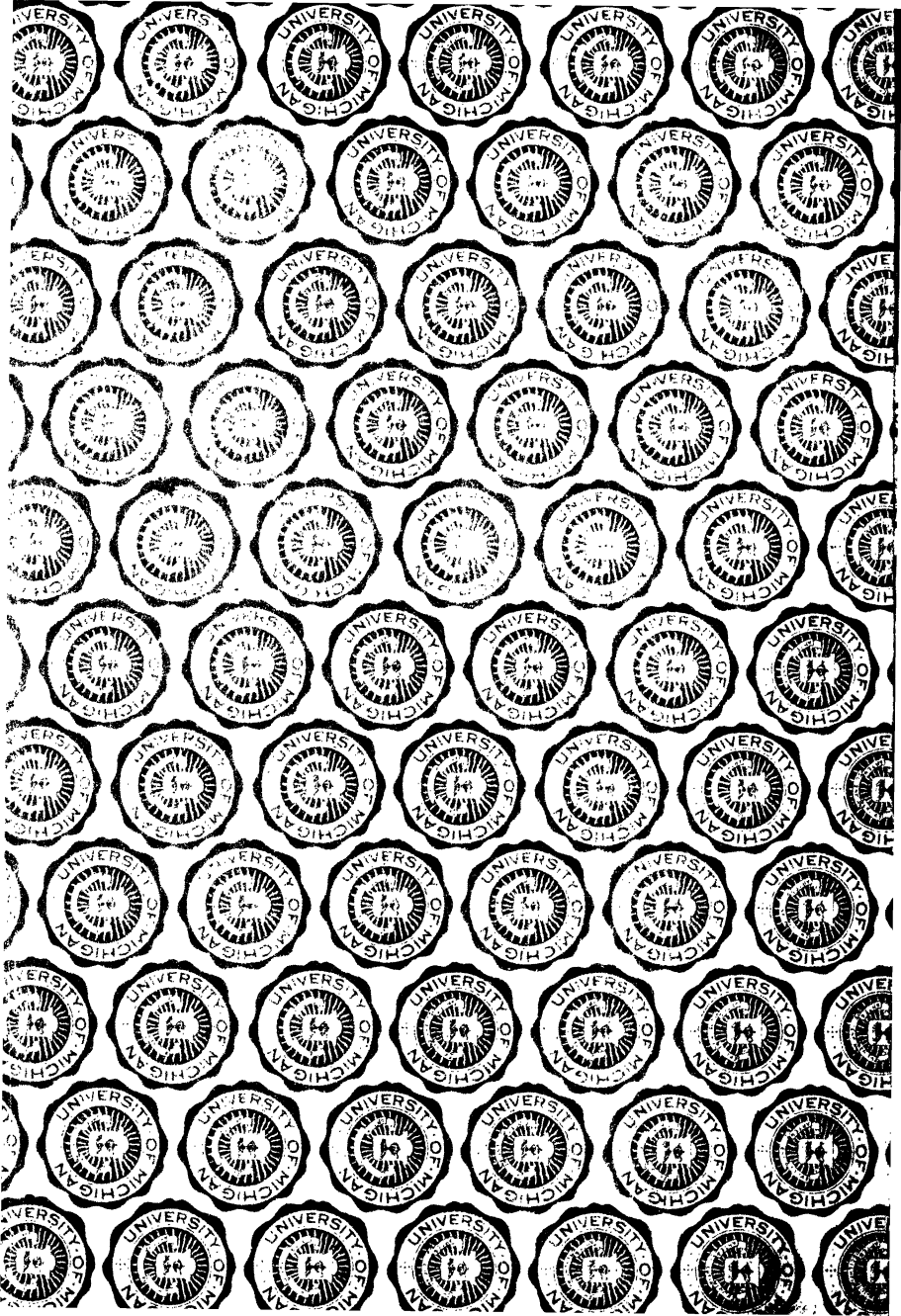
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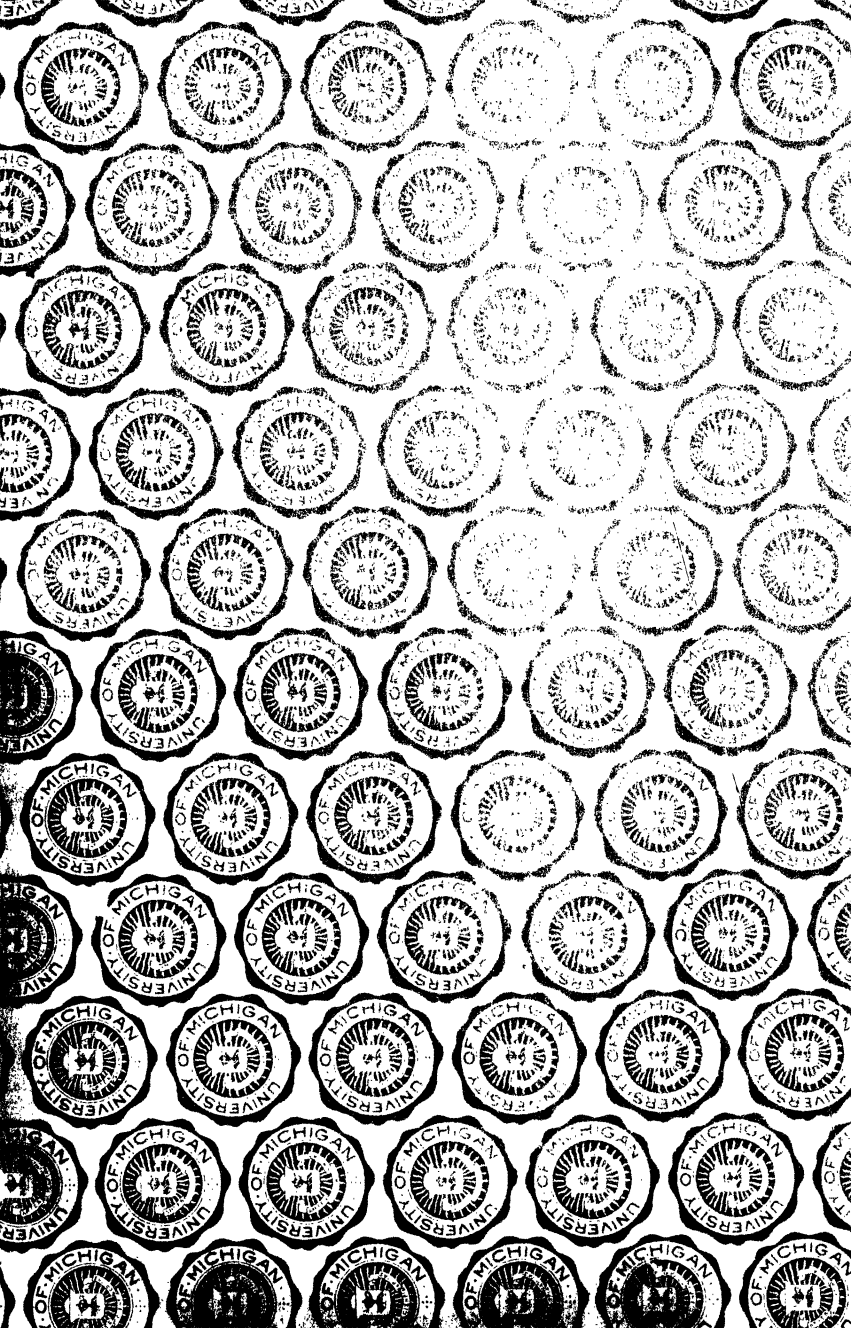
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The Paradise of the Pacific.





AN HAWAIIAN BELLE.

The Paradise of the Pacific.

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SKETCHES OF HAWAIIAN SCENERY
AND LIFE.

BY THE
Rev. H. H. Gowen
REV. H. H. GOWEN,
LATE CHINESE MISSIONARY IN HONOLULU.

London:
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CHAPTER I.

First Impressions of Honolulu.

MY FIRST VIEW OF "PARADISE"—LANDING—SCENE AT THE WHARF—A
MEMORABLE DRIVE—CHINATOWN—THE FIRE OF 1886—NATIVES BY THE
WAYSIDE—AN ENGLISH BREAKFAST AT IOLANI COLLEGE—DISTANCE IN
1780 AND IN 1886—MOSQUITOES—THE FIRST EVENSONG IN HONOLULU.

"The mountain wooded to the peak, the lawns
And winding glades high up like ways to Heaven,
The slender coco's drooping crown of plumes,
The lightning flash of insect and of bird,
The lustre of the long convolvuluses
That coil'd around the stately stems, and ran
E'en to the limit of the land, the glows
And glories of the broad belt of the world."

—*Enoch Arden.*



HAVE often applied these words to the Islands in which it has been my happiness to live for the past five years. Never was name more fitly applied than that of the "Paradise of the Pacific" to the Hawaiian Islands. Never was there less disappointment in human things than the day when first the morning dawn revealed Honolulu to my eyes.

Here is my first descriptive letter home, and reading it over now I can truly say that the first impressions

were never lost. I suffered no disenchantment here, at any rate :—

“ Honolulu, Sept., 1886.

“ On Saturday, Sept. 4th, 1886, I woke up early with the feeling that the *Mariposa*, seven days out from San Francisco, was in quite still water. It was 5-30 a.m. when I got on deck, and I was rewarded by the first sight of the mountainous coast line of Oahu.

“ At last ! The sun was just rising, the mountains rose weird and strange in the morning mist, and it was with a feeling akin to awe that I gazed upon the first unfolding view of my future home.

“ There was, however, little time for gazing ; we were fast getting round Diamond Head into the harbour of Honolulu, and there was packing to do before going ashore.

“ Had it been a little later in the morning, the ship would have been surrounded by amphibious natives of the juvenile sort, swimming around and diving into the blue depths for any coins thrown in for them. It was too early for this little romantic touch, but there was romance enough, assuredly, in the scene itself.

“ Inland was the precipitous ridge of mountains broken by the tremendous gap of the Pali, and on either side lay the Waianae Mountains and the extinct crater of the Punchbowl, in front the long line of cocoanut palms fringing the bluest of oceans and the whitest of coral reefs.

“ It was about 7 a.m. when we first touched land with that thrill of exultant satisfaction which always succeeds a long sea voyage.

“ The wharf presented a busy sight. There were

crowds of natives, fine-looking men with beautiful copper-coloured skins, adorned with 'leis,' or garlands of bright flowers, around their hats and necks. Their strange tongue sounded still more strange in the wild shouts of the wharf, as they hurried along with their heavy loads of baggage and merchandise.

"Then there were numbers of Chinese, more silent but just as busy, and as for the rest, the name of their nationality might fitly be called 'Legion.'

"We, *i.e.*, K. and I, did not have to wait long on the wharf, but were soon being driven off in the Bishop's Express towards Iolani College.

"If our entrance into the harbour lacked some of the usual picturesqueness, from the earliness of the hour, it was fully made up for in our drive through Chinatown and up the Nuuanu Avenue.

"Chinatown might have been made in streets and dropped down from the Celestial Empire. There was the Chinaman hurrying along, in his cool, sensible dress, with a pair of big baskets slung on a bamboo pole across his shoulders. There were the quaint-looking signs over the shop doors which informed us that Ah Fu was a dealer in 'gold fish and bananas,' or Ah Hin a maker of shoes. Indeed everyone seemed Chinese, and all looked almost exactly alike, so that it was a standing difficulty with the police to tell one from another.

"The streets were not clean by any means; indeed I expect my parochial rounds will have to include the carrying about of buckets of water and scrub-brushes, but man, I suppose, is not naturally a clean animal, and it was really impossible to tell whether the *people* were

clean or dirty, from the brownish-yellow colour of their skins. There seemed a great scarcity of women in the streets, for the Chinese have as a conspicuous virtue the ability to keep their female folk at home.

"We passed through the scene of the late fire, which extended over 66 acres of Chinatown. The sweep of the fire fiend was complete; the flames left no relics but a few kerosene tins, or something of equal value. The dry wooden houses burned like tinder, and nothing was left to mark even where the houses had stood but the blackened soil.

"The usual good result of a fire is following. A law has been passed by which brick, stone, and iron houses take the place of the rude wooden erections of the past, and the rapid progress already made seems to prognosticate a great improvement in this part of the city.

"From Chinatown our way lay along the valley road leading towards the Pali. All that we had seen anywhere hitherto, in picture, imagination, or in the realities of the Rocky Mountains, was tame and colourless compared with the wonderful glow of life which filled this beautiful highway of Oahu.

"The plenitude of tropical luxuriance baffled the eye in its endeavour to drink in the variety presented to it, but the draught was, such even as it was, intoxicating. The palms were glorious, royal palms, their straight stems, smooth and ringed, rising up in proud consciousness of the feathery crown above; cocoa-nut palms, less erect but infinitely more graceful, bearing far aloft their majestic weight of fruit; date palms, half-concealing their luscious burden under the dark shade of feathery

fronds. Then there were 'samangs,' or monkey-pods, with their hospitable shade and leaves which close at night; the brilliantly-flowering Hibiscus; dazzling oleanders white and pink; tamarinds; bananas, with the curious flower hanging from the fruit-cluster like a bullock's heart in a butcher's shop; mango trees with fruit like an inverted pear; eucalyptus, tall, strong, and health-giving; pomegranate, orange, lime, citron, and hundreds more, making the road like an entrance to Paradise.

"Then along by the fences, wherever opportunity offered, the lantana (beautiful pest!) found its way, illuminating the road with its blossoms of many colours; and amid the stately fountains and statuary of lovely gardens rose the towering masses of feathery bamboo, clustering into a single mighty tree, and the banyan, with bending branches taking fresh root, and making arbours and festoons of delightful shadow.

"In front of us, towering up into the fleecy clouds which seemed melting in the sky above, rose the great peaks guarding the Pali, over which tremendous precipice, 2,000 feet sheer descent, Kamehameha I. drove his foes in headlong rout.

"To the right is the Punchbowl, the crater of an extinct volcano, a sullen mass of burnt-out lava rising just outside the town. And then behind is the ocean, blue as sapphire, its shimmering surface broken only by the white line of the reef and by the boats passing to and from the harbour.

"The ride seemed anything but a long one, especially when you have to add to all the beauties of inanimate nature the picturesqueness of Hawaiian life.

"Along the roadsides sat or reclined group after group of 'Kanakas' (as the natives are called, 'Kanaka' being Hawaiian for 'man,' *cf.* S. Jānaka, G. König, E. King); men, women, and children, bare-legged and bare-headed, with raven black hair clustering in a curly mass round their swarthy faces and glittering black eyes; all handsome, children especially so; young men and women tall, straight, and lithe—the elders inclining to 'embonpoint.'

"Bright colours, especially scarlet, were in great favour. All wore 'leis' of bright-coloured flowers, and the women were clothed in a long waistless garment called a 'holuku,' a dress by no means deficient in grace, and at any rate dispensing with the fashionable torture delighted in on more civilized shores. To the young ladies of Europe intending to visit Honolulu it may be said, it is but lost labour, sheer waste of time, to cultivate the wasp-like waist, for its attractiveness is doomed to concealment beneath the all-embracing 'holuku.'

"Most of the groups were busy, in an idle way of their own, making 'leis' from the blossoms in their laps, and selling them to the passers by.

"But there was abundance of life in motion to distract attention from the groups by the wayside. Half Honolulu seemed on horseback, and the horses—not always well-favoured animals, and, indeed, sometimes emulating the steed of the Knight of La Mancha, or the 'bare-backed armadillo' mentioned by Lowell—were galloping along at a pace which their appearance did not promise. All alike, men, women, and children, rode male fashion, and this (to me) novel mode of equestrienneship was by no means so ungraceful as might be imagined.

“At last we took a turn to the left, among palms and mangoes, and found ourselves at the collection of wooden buildings constituting the Bishop’s residence and the boys’ school known as Iolani College.

“And now let those who imagine us landing amid the yells and brandished spears of a naked cannibal tribe, somewhere (the locality is not a very definite one in the ordinary English mind) in the dominions of King Rumi-foo, picture us at the quiet, happy breakfast-table at Iolani College, and they will not suffer their hearts to ache in weary apprehension for us exiles from the shores of Albion.

“We were only a small party, for the college vacation was not yet at an end, but we sat and chatted long past the breakfast hour, and though we ate bananas, and guavas, and taro-cakes, yet it was an *English* breakfast, and the 10,000 miles distance from England was but a delusion and a dream. Memory has its realization of eternity. There is no time or distance; all is present; all that is dear to the heart is near at hand.

“I was reminded of this again, when later in the day I got some letters from England. What a distance they had come in a little more than three weeks! I could not help contrasting it with the state of things a hundred years ago. On Jan. 10th, 1780, there was published the following notification:—

“ ‘Admiralty Office,

‘Jan. 10th, 1780.

‘Capt. Clerke, of His Majesty’s sloop, the “Resolution,” in a letter to Mr. Stephens, dated June 8th, 1779, in the harbour of Kamschatka, which was received yesterday, gives the melan-

choly account of the celebrated Capt. Cooke, late Commander of that sloop, with four of his private mariners, having been killed on the 14th of February last, on the island of Owhyhee, one of a group of new-discovered islands in the 23rd degree of N.L., in an affray with a numerous and tumultuous body of the natives.'

"As the evening advanced, the serpent in Paradise appeared in the shape of the much-dreaded mosquito. I had been curious to see the mosquitoes, and, in my entomological ignorance, should not have been surprised at finding them as big as dragon-flies.

"Had they been so, I should not have been here to tell the tale.

"They are less in size than an English gnat, but they possess the bloodthirstiness of an Apache Indian, the voracity of a charwoman, and the perseverance of Bruce's spider. They don't understand English, and all the refinements of language of which a Yarmouth smacksman is capable would not suffice to scare them away. They have no more bashfulness than a Yankee interviewer; without waiting for an introduction they hover around till they see you looking the other way, then alight in a dozen places at once. They enjoy your attempts at catching them, as a blue-bottle fly enjoys the bald man's attempts at insecticide, they seem to chuckle in the most malicious way when you slap the back of your hand; and even when you do have the grim satisfaction of killing your persecutor, his place is taken by a thousand avenging kinsfolk. To my heated imagination they grew in size amazingly; each proboscis seemed longer than that of the elephant-headed Siva, and sharp withal; cloth of a

moderate thickness seemed no protection, and the tender parts of the system seemed known and discovered as housekeepers know the tender parts of a chicken.

“Here is an episcopal anecdote to the point. A certain Bishop—diocese must remain unnamed—passed this way not so long ago, and for a day deemed the delights of Honolulu the dreams of Paradise realized. Specially proud of his silk stockings, he marvelled that in such a sunny land his brother of Honolulu should conceal the grace of episcopal calves in the old-fashioned gaiters of thick cloth. A smile was the only answer for a while to his query why silk stockings were not in vogue, but by-and-bye the enquirer seemed very busily employed beneath the table in that which it is not polite to mention to a Scotchman, and those same silk stockings seemed to be the scene of considerable irritation. He discovered then that it is not wise to give occasion to your adversaries, even to mosquitoes, by wearing stockings which put overwhelming temptation in their way. Thus was episcopal vanity rebuked by these ‘pirates of the Pacific,’ the only true cannibals of the Hawaiian Islands.

“Mosquitoes acquire a dislike to old residents, and forbear pasturing on them, but they evidently search the passenger lists of every steamer, and come to greet fresh blood with the speed which characterises most things you are in no hurry for. They make sure, first, that you have blood of a drinkable quality: then, after tapping you, they publish the good news through mosquitoland, and suddenly there is a whirr in the air, you hear the shrilling and braying of the trumpet and clarion, army upon army is buckling on its armour, and then—use your whisk, flick

your handkerchief, entreat, smile, swear (if you feel as the Scotch minister did when his clerk said to him, 'If a bit aith 'ud relieve you, doctor, dinna min' me')—the event is all the same, you are hopelessly defeated. Red blotches begin to appear, your hands have a swelling at every knuckle, and you may just as well surrender at discretion, and take the penalty of being a newcomer to the Fortunate Isles. This is not an exaggeration—it is too serious a matter; my fingers write feelingly on this subject at least.

"I should like to tell you how I got into bed beneath the mosquito curtain, an immense bridal-veil sort of thing which effectually screens you, if (and there is much virtue in an 'if') you can get in without admitting the blood-suckers. Unhappily, mosquitoes are like Sunday School children, very skilful at getting in to treats without a ticket, so in the darksomeness of the night, when the light is out and you are in, you may often hear the shrill blare which proclaims your enemy watchful at your pillow, and then—get him out if you can! Oh, sleep! 'Nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep,' in such dire case we may woo thee well and yet in vain.

"But there is always some drawback everywhere, and after all, mosquitoes, I am told, rarely trouble you for more than a month, after which you become in their eyes a squeezed lemon, or a well drawn dry.

"I have not spoken here of any of the sights I saw or the people I met during this first day, but I must just mention the closing scene, and then stop for the present.

"It is evening, and there is a delicious coolness in the

air, and a stillness which leads up the eyes and heart to the shining lights of Heaven.

"We enter our little chapel, the Bishop reads Evensong, and we feel the hallowing influence of the dear old service stealing over heart and mind, bringing back the one thought which brightened the parting, weeks ago—the 'Communion of Saints,' all one in Christ Jesus—and nerving the heart for the battle so soon to begin.

"My life-work is before me, the reality of life is soon to unfold itself. What then?

" 'What then? I am not careful to enquire,
I know there must be tears, and fears, and sorrow,
And then a loving Saviour drawing nigher,
And saying, "I will answer for the morrow."'

"There was grand hope in the Evening Psalms this day, the fourth of the month. For the whole cause of God there was the splendid hope—the fruit of the Divine Passion—of the 22nd Psalm,

" 'All the ends of the earth shall remember themselves, and be turned unto the Lord,
And all the kindreds of the nations shall worship before Him,
For the Kingdom is the Lord's, and He is the Governor among the people.'

"And then for the solace of the individual, the old yet ever new message of the 23rd Psalm.

" 'The Lord is my Shepherd;
Therefore can I lack nothing.
He shall feed me in a green pasture;
And bring me forth in the paths of righteousness
for His Name's sake.'


“ Yes ! it is enough. In whatever land, ‘ I will dwell
in the house of the Lord for ever.’

“ So, I ask Thee for the daily strength,
To none that ask denied,
And a mind to blend with outward life,
While keeping at Thy side ;
Content to fill a little space,
If Thou be glorified.’ ”

CHAPTER II.

Civilized Hawaii.

WHERE IS HONOLULU?—SOME GEOGRAPHICAL MISTAKES—THE HARBOUR—
TELEPHONES—ELECTRIC LIGHT—A STRICTLY "LIMITED MONARCHY"—
THE GOVERNMENT—A GLIMPSE AT HAWAIIAN LEGISLATORS—REVOLU-
TIONS—EDUCATION IN HAWAII—GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1889—GOVERN-
MENT SCHOOLS—PUNAHOU—KAWAIAHAO—KAMEHAMEHA SCHOOL—THE
R.C. SCHOOLS—S. ANDREW'S PRIORY SCHOOL—A NOBLE LIFE—THE
PRISON SYSTEM.

N these days of school boards and general diffusion of knowledge, it may seem very unnecessary to do so much as mention the geographical position of the Hawaiian Islands, but it is really surprising to find how vague (to say the least of it) is the general idea as to the situation of Honolulu.

But even among those interested in Missions there is considerable confusion. A letter arrived in Honolulu one day from a lady in Connecticut, who said that she had always taken a great interest in the Sandwich Islands, as her father had written three books about them, entitled respectively—1, *Tahiti* (!) without the Gospel; 2, *Tahiti* receives the Gospel; 3, *Tahiti* with the Gospel.

This is nearly as bad as the case of the old lady who was interested in a missionary's address on Burmah,

because she had a son there, "but for some reason or other," she said, "he always spelled it *Bermuda*!"

One dear old soul in England gave up the attempt to recollect Honolulu as the place of my abode, and resigned herself to the thought of my being in "Alleluia." After all, this was a better title than that given to the Bishop once by a perplexed footman, who solemnly introduced his lordship as "Bishop of Hullabaloo!"

Probably the cause of this confusion (and it is a confusion which leads even clergy and school inspectors to speak of Honolulu as in the South Seas) lies in the fact that the Islands are called the Sandwich Islands and Hawaiian Islands indifferently, and sometimes the old Owhyhee is confused with Otaheite, the old name of Tahiti.

The name "Sandwich Islands" is nearly discarded now. Many people seem under the impression that the name was bestowed upon the group from the propensity of the people for cutting up missionaries into sandwiches. It need hardly be said there is no reason for this grim association of ideas. Capt. Cook gave the name Sandwich Islands in honour of his friend and patron, the Earl of Sandwich, but the name now in use is the old native designation, Hawaiian Islands, from Hawaii, the largest island. Hawaii is really Hawa (Java)-ii, *i.e.*, "burning" Java, or, according to some, "little Java," because the Hawaiian people are supposed to have come to their present home by way of Java.

But we won't discuss ethnological problems for the present, as we wish to obtain a clear idea as to the whereabouts and character of Honolulu. Honolulu, then,

it may be briefly said, is the capital of the whole group, a city of between 20,000 and 30,000 inhabitants, situated on the island of Oahu, in the North Pacific Ocean, about 22° N. L.

We have already got some idea from the last chapter of the place itself, but little was said then to show to what a remarkable condition of civilization the city and islands have attained.

It is the surprise of all visitors to see in the fine harbour ships of war of different nationalities lying in what is called the "naval row," and numbers of steamers and ships of various kinds lying at the wharf. But surprise is changed into something more when the handsome streets are seen to be crossed and re-crossed at every point by a bewildering number of telephone and electric light wires. The telephone system of Honolulu is probably unequalled anywhere in the world. To begin with, to do business by means of telephone is so thoroughly in accordance with the *dolce far niente* disposition of the people, that a very strong inducement to try it is established *a priori*. Then it becomes so easy to gossip over a very wide circle that in time the telephone becomes as indispensable as ice cream or rocking-chairs to the households of Honolulu, and soon all shopping, collection and retailing of news, making of appointments, calling of meetings, and business of a thousand varieties is done through the wires which connect every house (almost) with the central offices.

Electric lighting is now well established also, and the houses are beginning to follow the example set them by the streets and stores. Water power is used, and the

result is extremely satisfactory, especially to those who recollect the murky oil or "gasoline" lamps which formerly twinkled along the roadside, and did little more than render the darkness visible.

But these are not the only signs of Hawaiian civilization, as you will soon find when the tinkling of bells reminds you of the approach of heavily-laden tramcars, in which you can go to any part of the city for five cents, or when the shrill whistle of a locomotive engine reminds you that here, too, the "fire-horse" has made his way, and takes his loads of passengers and freight along the coast of Oahu as though it were the most natural thing in the world.

When we leave signs like these of material advancement, and ask how it fares with the "esprit" of the nation, there is found to be equal cause for wonderment.

Here we have the fine block of buildings known as "Aliiolani Hall"—the Government buildings, in fact. This reminds us that there is a Constitutional Government here. No despotic chieftain lords it over hordes of serfs, but we have a limited Monarchy (strictly limited), in which the Sovereign is assisted in the government of the country by a Cabinet of four members (Minister of the Interior, Minister of Finance, Minister for Foreign Affairs, and Attorney-General), Nobles, elected on a property qualification of \$300 a year, and Representatives elected by manhood suffrage. To this last aspiration of modern democracy an exception is made in the case of Asiatics. Japanese and Chinese have no share in the government of the country, but the Chinaman does not seem to mind, as by a little judicious bribery he is enabled to "get there all the same."

There is a General Election every two years, when strenuous exertions are made by all concerned to assert their political prerogatives. The members are paid, but only sufficiently to recoup them for the necessary loss of time. The real reward comes in the shape of offices, and the office-seekers are getting to be (as in America) a curse to the country.

The ambition of the Hawaiian youth, clever and well-educated, is to obtain a government office, and as at present there are not sufficient government billets to go all round, every young man becomes a politician to ensure the downfall of that particular administration which prevents him from saving the country. At the same time, the tenants of the offices are so insecure that there is a great temptation for them to make the "best" of the place while they hold it.

There is decidedly too much politics, and a paternal despot, on the whole, would manage matters better than is done by everybody having all their fingers and thumbs in the pie.

But the Legislature itself is a harmless amusement enough.

Here is an extract from an early letter giving some first impressions of a visit to the Senate House of Hawaii.

"During the day we went into 'Aliiolani Hall,' or the Government Buildings, to get a glimpse of the arcana of the Legislature.

"Business seemed dull, but the Nobles and Representatives of the realm seemed nothing loth to keep the sitting going. Everything was interpreted; what was

spoken in Hawaiian was rendered into English, and the English into Hawaiian ; so things went on slowly enough and without excitement.

“White men and coloured all took things easily, except the interpreter, who was busy all the time and certainly had no sinecure, but the business on hand did not seem to denote a national crisis.

“One member would move that, as it was very hot weather, the House should adjourn till Monday. Another would straightway propose as an amendment that members be supplied with fans, which the masterly sarcasm of a third improved into a suggestion to provide parasols.

“Then a member would speak about the Leper Settlement at Molokai, and would move that members be provided with gloves wherewith to shake hands with the lepers on their visits, and the ironic genius of an oppositionist would forthwith move that, instead, the visiting committee should be sewn up in canvas bags till their return.

“Thus the glorious Constitution is being kept up. Nobles and Representatives both sit in the same Chamber and vote together. What I saw on this occasion seemed aptly to confirm the idea of Mark Twain, that this wonderful little kingdom, with its standing army of 200 men, its court, its orders, and its general elections, is ‘the machinery of the Great Eastern in a sardine-box.’”

As an illustration of the system of interpretation, I may here mention a story which also goes to show something of the capacity of the native language.

A native member was eloquently haranguing the House.

He declaimed ten minutes by the clock, but the interpreter instead of translating for him sentence by sentence sat still with folded arms. At length the President, anxious to know what the oration was about, asked the interpreter why he did not translate for the orator. His reply came at once, "Oh, he hasn't begun to say anything yet."

Since the letter quoted above was written there has been a good deal of change in the Government, and the Constitution has been revised. A penchant for revolutions has also been exhibited to the no small damage of the country's credit.

The first revolution, that of 1887, was no doubt provoked. The Ministry of the time had reduced the kingdom to the verge of bankruptcy. An army was created in which Generals and Majors seemed as numerous as privates, and shone in the most gorgeous of uniforms. Then a navy was started, but the story of the Hawaiian Embassy to Samoa is best left untold. Those who still catch a glimpse of the ill-fated "Kaimiloa" are not likely to forget the story of the enterprise, and those who know it not are blissful in their ignorance. Then followed close on the heels of this the notorious "opium scandal," which did more than anything else to precipitate a catastrophe, and at last came the formation of the "League," the revolution, the compulsory resignation of the Ministers, and the reluctant signing of a new Constitution by King Kalakaua.

The old Prime Minister, an American, left the country and died in America soon after. There was a touch of pathos in the fact that when his body was brought back

for interment in Honolulu there was written on his coffin, after the callous officialism of San Francisco custom-house procedure, the following words, "One corpse; no value." *Sic transit gloria mundi.*

But one revolution was only a lesson as to the way to carry out another, so we had in 1889 a native uprising, which, though not successful, was far more disastrous to life and property than the former one. The cause was not far to seek. A young native, Robert Wilcox, had under the former Government been sent to Italy to be educated in the military art, with a view to his becoming eventually commander-in-chief of the Hawaiian forces. The new Ministry led to his return to the islands, married to an Italian lady of high birth, but unable to find anything to do other than accepting a post in the Government survey office, as soldiers were just then at a discount. The disappointed soldier then took to planning a change by which he should benefit, and profiting by the reaction which had taken place among the natives against the "Reform Government," and also, it is no high treason to say, by the desire of the King to get a *newer* Constitution, restoring to him some of his former power, he marched a force of natives through the city one night, picked up the police in his route, liberated the prisoners, and took possession of the Palace and Government Buildings. The next day was anything but a pleasant one. The rebels refused to surrender, opened up a cannonading on the Opera House, where a large number of rifles was posted, and maintained a stubborn fight during the day. Gradually, however, they were driven from their guns by the sharp-shooters, and towards evening there was left nothing

but a disorganized mass huddled into the Palace bungalow, where they were at length induced to capitulate after a liberal application of dynamite bombs to the roof. If the events of the day were tragical, the after events were little more than farcical.

As a consequence of the law which provides that white men shall have a white jury and natives a native jury, one unfortunate white man, a Belgian, who acted as Wilcox's lieutenant, was condemned to death, and all the native prisoners were acquitted in spite of their having been taken, as it were, red-handed. Of course the convicted man, under the circumstances, could not be executed, and was sent out of the country; but the native sentiment on the subject was still further shown at the next General Election, when Wilcox and his party carried every seat for nobles and representatives in Honolulu. Had it not been that the rest of the group remained faithful to their former allegiance there would have been an end of the Reform party. As it was the parties balanced each other, a moderate Ministry came into power, and matters generally settled into a state of quietude.

The remarkable advance (if it be advance) shown in political matters is paralleled by the keenness displayed in all that pertains to education.

It would not be far wrong to say that Hawaii is one of the best educated countries in the world. In the Paris Exposition of 1889 a gold medal was awarded to the specimens of school work from Honolulu, and it was certainly well deserved.

The result is largely due to the liberal attitude of the Government, irrespective of party. There is an annual

expenditure of about \$40,000 (£8,000) on the schools; good airy rooms are provided, with the best of apparatus; teachers are brought from America, or provided by means of competitive examinations from within the islands; the teaching is throughout in English, but specially adapted for native needs; there is a thorough system of inspection in vogue, while all idea of cram is averted by the closing of school every day at 2 p.m.

In the Government schools the Religious difficulty (or rather denominational difficulty) is overcome by permission being given to all clergy to have the schools on certain days after 2 p.m. to instruct the children belonging to their particular body.

But long before the Government undertook the work of educating the children of the kingdom, there was abundant earnestness and zeal displayed in this direction by the various religious bodies who were engaged in the evangelization of Hawaii.

Conspicuous in this noble work have been the leaders of the Congregational body, working under the American Board of Missions, whose schools at Punahou and Kawaiahao, not to mention the Kamehameha School, founded by the liberality of the Hon. C. R. Bishop, in memory of his beloved wife, Princess Bernice Pauahi, have attained a renown by no means confined to the islands.

The Roman Catholic Mission has, too, schools of a first-rate character; the S. Louis' School for boys, and the Sisters' School for girls.

Last, but by no means least, the schools of our Anglican Mission must be mentioned, in my own humble opinion

quite the best work our Mission has so far accomplished. Especially may this be said of the S. Andrew's Priory School for girls, which for over twenty years has been lovingly and devotedly carried on by an all too diminished band of Devonport sisters. Work such as has been done by these devoted ladies is the best apology for Mission work a visitor can see, and Honolulu is not slow to recognise the value of their self-sacrifice.

Lately there died in Honolulu one whom I may be pardoned for mentioning, a heroine of hard work, such as is rarely to be found, especially in the pleasure-loving land where to most a periodical holiday seems a necessity. I quote the following extract from a long account which appeared in the Honolulu newspapers at the time of her death last year.

"Eldress Phœbe was born at Grantham, in Lincolnshire, England, and was the daughter of a clergyman. She entered the sisterhood in 1850, and came to these islands with the second detachment of sisters in 1867. She was a devoted Christian woman, and one of her chief aims in life was to teach Hawaiian girls, more particularly, to be useful in life. Many heeded her kind advice, and are this day occupying positions in these islands as wives and mothers, a credit to her training, and an honour to their country. She was a mother to the motherless, and a friend to all in distress. Words fail to express the many virtues of this pure and self-sacrificing woman."

Such is the reward achieved even on earth by those who find in this way their true vocation, those to whom the call comes—

"Hearken, O daughter, and consider, incline thine ear :
Forget also thine own people, and thy father's house ;
So shall the King have pleasure in thy beauty,
For He is thy Lord God, and worship thou Him."

After all, however, the result of Hawaiian education has lacked something. It has been hitherto too literary. The young men especially have shown themselves indisposed (and indeed by their education unfitted) to engage in the real industries of the country, and rather disposed to find a fictitious attraction in the profession of the law and the pursuit of politics. Moreover, it must be said, Honolulu life presents temptations to young people which are only counteracted by plenty of healthy physical labour. A remedy is to be looked for in the industrial system started by the Hon. C. R. Bishop at the Kamehameha Schools, and the results so far are very satisfactory. The Hawaiian is very skilful with his hands, and good blacksmiths, good printers, good carpenters, and good engravers are showing themselves as proof that the new departure is a right and wise one.

It is time for me to close this description of the advanced civilization of Hawaii, and I think I may do it by quoting a description of the Prison system I find in one of my early letters. The story may be remembered which describes an Irishman discovering a gallows on what he thought was an uninhabited island, and thanking God he was in a civilized country. In the same way, readers may learn, from the fact of Honolulu possessing a prison, one last fact in support of my description of Hawaii as a highly civilized land.

Here is the letter just as it stands :—

“Going to prison here is spoken of euphemistically as ‘going on the reef,’ for the prison buildings are situated well out towards the reef, on a promontory connected with the city by a road over a dismal swamp.

“The prison system is not perfect (few things human are), and it seems to strangers to partake of the general free and easy life which is the ideal of the Hawaiian. In fact, some people like going to prison. All they have to do is to wear a suit of clothes, blue on one side and brown on the other, and beyond this their condition is such as many a ‘British workman’ would envy. They work out in the open air, on the roads or wherever else they may be required, and they work as leisurely as a tradesman devoid of conscience who is paid by the day. They take their dinners with them, are well-fed and well-clad, and enjoy the edification of each others’ and their friends’ society to the full. Their friends seem many too, and they appear to be well supplied with fruits and cigars, to judge by their usual employment as you pass them. They can also be hired out by private individuals to do work, such as doing-up a garden or something of that sort, and it is not at all unknown for a man to have a friend out of prison to work for him for the greater part of his sentence. The friend comes out, nominally to do up the garden, but actually to sit on the verandah and smoke till it is time to go back to prison for the night. When a prisoner is so depraved that his example is contaminating, or his crime enormous enough to constitute him a danger to society, he seems to be put to work on the wharf where ships are loading up, and then, somehow, when the ships are gone he is gone too, and the authorities


do not seem ill-pleased to be saved the expense of keeping a criminal for a long term of years.

“But, speaking seriously, there is very little serious crime. The absence of poverty, hunger, thirst, and cold, reduces immensely a certain class of crime, though it also accounts for other kinds of crime not easily dealt with by human law. Drunkenness is the prevalent cause of most of the lock-ups, especially the consumption of what is known appropriately enough as ‘Sandpaper Gin.’ The natives have an unenviable notoriety in this respect, but alas! they are not the chief sinners, for they have been sorely tempted.”

CHAPTER III.

The Hawaiian People and their Customs.

THE DECLINE OF THE POPULATION—THE TRUE LIFE OF A NATION—OUR ARYAN KIN—INCIDENTS IN HAWAIIAN HISTORY—DISPOSING OF TYRANTS—TABU—THE GOOD SIDE OF TABU—THE TEACHING OF THE WHITE MEN—THE OLD HEATHENISM—THE HAWAIIAN TRINITY—MAUI, THE BALDER OF THE PACIFIC—THE HEIAU OF PUNEPU—CANNIBALISM—A STRANGE TRIBUTE OF AFFECTION—CONCEALING THE BONES—INSPIRED PIGS—THE HAWAIIAN LANGUAGE—SOME AMUSING MISTAKES—"SAM WELLER"—HAWAIIAN NAMES—THE CONVERSION OF HAWAII—THE ROMAN AND ANGLICAN MISSIONS—DAYS OF THE WEEK—THE WEAK POINTS OF HAWAIIAN CHARACTER—CARELESSNESS—THE JOYOUSNESS OF LIFE—A LUAU—GRASS HOUSES *v.* WOODEN—THE HULA-DANCE.

T is a sad fact, which is anything but a tribute to the advance of true civilization amongst us, that the Hawaiians, like many other native races, are fast dying away from the face of the earth.

Figures speak strongly sometimes, and when it is said that seventy years ago the population of Hawaii was 160,000, and that now from that number the natives have been reduced to 37,500, can anything more be added to emphasize the fact of the rapid decline of a once noble race ?

Let it not be said either that it is inevitable, that wherever the foot of the white man treads, there the black man must go to the wall. It cannot surely be that God has given us all our power, all our influence, and our commercial and colonial prosperity, that we should drive away and drive down to perdition the weaker races of the earth.

Neither let it be said that it was the forcing upon these people of a religion and civilization which they were not ready to receive that has led to their rapid diminution. The Hawaiians, as it has been shown, have proved themselves able to receive all the scientific improvements of modern social life, they have shown themselves capable of a high intellectual education, they have exhibited a most wonderful adaptability for the institutions of an advanced democratic society; all these things have not proved too much for the Hawaiian.

But these alone have not proved sufficient to save the nation.

And they never will, for the life of a nation is neither in education nor in legislation, but in the keeping of the commandments of God.

It is righteousness, then—the righteousness of God—which Hawaii wants, as it is sin which is destroying her.

But I am far from laying overmuch blame on the natives. Righteousness is a matter, not of intelligence, but of character, and character—national character—comes from the training of centuries.

And it is because when the Hawaiians had first received the knowledge of the righteousness of God, while they were yet “little ones,” they were so grievously “offended”

by the natives of more favoured lands, that the fatal seeds were introduced which make them in reality a doomed race.

I do not intend here to give anything like an account of Hawaiian history, but it is well to remember what the people were formerly to understand what they are now.

They are almost certainly akin to us, Aryans, coming from the same plateau where the great "Heaven Father" was once worshipped by our own forefathers. Thence they moved southwards, passing through the great Indian peninsula, and along the Malay peninsula, long before it was inhabited by Malays, till they came to Java. From Java, taking with them many names and traditions, they passed across the Pacific, touching at some islands, prevented from landing on others, till they reached the island to which they gave the name of "Little Java"—Hawa-ii.

They were a bold, warlike people in those days, ruled by petty kings or "alii" (who by a process of natural selection and intermarriage formed almost a race apart), but by no means disposed to submit ignominiously to tyranny.

In Ka-u, in particular, there was a bold spirit of independence, of which the present Chief Justice of the Islands gives many striking illustrations.

"On one occasion," he relates, "Koihala, the alii of Kau was about making a voyage from Kona to Kau in his fleet of canoes. He sent word to his people of Kau to meet him with supplies of food on a certain day at Kapua. The people cooked hogs, dogs, and potatoes, and prepared poi, water in calabashes, and other supplies in sufficient quantities for the chief and his retainers, and

started afoot with their burdens to meet him. On arriving at Kapua the fleet came along but did not stop. The *alii* called to the people ashore to go back to the next landing towards South Point. They resumed their burdens and retraced their steps to this place, the king proceeding by sea. At this place they were told to go on still further to another landing. This was repeated several times, and they were finally told to climb the steep *pali* and meet the king at Kaalualu, east of South Point.

“The people were tired, footsore, and hungry from their wearisome travel over the lava, and determined upon a different reception to their *alii* from what he expected. They said, ‘We will teach these chiefs a lesson not to wear us out with their capricious whims. We are hungry, and we will eat the food and give him another article of diet instead.’ So they sat down and ate up the food and filled the ti-leaf containers with stones, and proceeded near the coast, and sat on a slight hill to await the coming of the chief and his party. He landed and proceeded up the ascent to receive his *hookapu* (tribute of food). When near, the people stood up, and, taking the stones from the containers, threw them at the king and his retainers, saying, ‘Here is your pig,’ ‘Here is your dog,’ ‘Here are your potatoes,’ &c., and Koihala was killed.”

In the same district, Kahaikalani, another *alii*, was killed when ordering the people to roll up a large tree to the top of a hill where a *heiau* was being built. Exasperated at the hard work of dragging up the heavy piece of timber, they at last persuaded the chief to push behind with the priests. Then at a given signal they let go the

ropes, and king and priests were crushed to death by the tree.

Then, again, Halaea, another chief, was so fond of fish that he always exacted a large contribution from the people of Kau. They got tired of yielding up the produce of their labour, and at last, when the king came along to receive his tribute, they threw so many fish into his canoe that it was swamped, and he was drowned.

The great means by which the people were kept in subjection to the chiefs and to the priests was by the institution of *Kapu* or tabu. Tabu extended through the whole range of Hawaiian life. *Chiefs* were tabu; *places*, such as fishing grounds, were tabu; *things* were tabu; *seasons* were tabu. There were times during which the people might not fish, or build houses, or taste certain foods, or when men and women might not speak to one another.

Strict tabu was worse than the worst of papal interdicts. There was silence and gloom throughout the land, no fire or light was to be seen, no one was allowed to go out of doors except to officiate in the temples. The restrictions of Mount Sinai, during the giving of the Mosaic law, were mild as compared with these, as not only were human voices stilled, but the mouths of the dogs had to be tied up, and the fowls were hidden away in calabashes lest they should cackle.

In ordinary, too, it was death for a woman to eat with a man. It was, indeed, death for any breach of tabu. The offenders were sacrificed to the gods, clubbed, strangled, stoned, or burned over a slow fire.

But we must not be too condemnatory. The "*kapu*" was in one sense a moral law, and for such a state of society was a great restraining influence.

At any rate, it was a better condition of things than was brought about by the first coming of the white man, who taught the natives to break the laws of their religion "on the sly," and introduced a spirit of scepticism and disbelief in the old without giving anything higher (rather, much that was lower) in its place.

The old heathen religion was a gross form of nature-worship, with an elaborate mythology in which the Hawaiian trinity of Kane, Ku, and Lono, the latter described as "*Lono noho i ka wai*"—"Lono sitting, or brooding, on the waters"—plays a conspicuous part. There was a fore-gleam of the victory of Christ in the legend of Maui. Here we see Maui, like the Balder of the north, going forth to win life for man—a life which cannot die. He goes down into the cave of "*Wahine nui o ke po*"—the great woman of the night, is there discovered through the chirping of birds, and like the "fairest of the gods," is himself brought under the power of death. But there ran through the course of Hawaiian song the conviction that Maui would some day return again from the dead, and we find, as an actual historic fact, that when Captain Cook landed on the shores of Kealakekua Bay—the first white man the people had ever seen—that they imagined he was their deliverer escaped from the bands of death.

The institutions of circumcision, cities of refuge, and, of course, sacrifice (including human sacrifices), existed throughout the islands, and worship was carried on,

through the priests, on the tops of hills, in buildings called "*heiaus*." There are only ruins of these now, but we may judge of their former size by the present remains. One of the largest is at Punepu, near Kohala, on Hawaii. This is 350 feet long, 150 feet wide, and its walls are 30 feet thick at the bottom and 8 at the top. The stones are said to have been passed along from hand to hand by workmen standing in a line twelve miles long. Three altars have been discovered here, on which victims of all kinds were offered.

Whether cannibalism, in the usual sense of the word, prevailed, is very doubtful. There was animal food, pigs and dogs, previous to the coming of Captain Cook, and there is no actual proof of any liking on the part of the natives for human flesh.

But there certainly was the custom of eating the flesh of the dead chiefs, as a means whereby the strength and prowess of the deceased might be transmitted in the tribe. The duty, or privilege, of eating the flesh was generally reserved for some faithful servant, as a sentiment of friendship, "*no ke aloha*" (for love's sake). The bones were tied up in a bundle and concealed in some cave. "I do not wish," said a dying chief, "that my bones should serve to make arrows to shoot mice, or fish-hooks to catch fish." So it is very difficult to tell the last resting-places of the old chiefs. It is said that the bones of one of the old kings, supposed to be resting in the mausoleum, were discovered by the instrumentality of inspired pigs, who certainly succeeded in rooting up some bones, whether human or not is not known.

The Hawaiians bear the traces of their Aryan descent

most strongly in their language, the roots of which are clearly derivable from Sanscrit, as has been so copiously illustrated in the learned work of Mr. Fornander.

But in the course of years there has been great phonetic decay, so that at the present time the consonants are reduced to the smallest possible number, not more than six being in common use. The vocal nature of the language makes it one of great sweetness, except where some of the extinct gutturals find their way between the vowels. Amusing mistakes may be made by foreigners through a slight mistake in these all-important vowel sounds. "Thou shalt not *eat eggs*" has been read instead of "Thou shalt not steal," through "*ai hoa*" being read for "*aihue*." On another occasion the astonished natives heard read in the first lesson that "Lot's wife was turned into a *Chinaman*" instead of a pillar of salt, through the pronunciation of "*pakai*" as "*pake*." Again, it is an old story, but a true one, that on a child being presented for baptism quite a little controversy took place as to what its name should be. The parents wanted "*Samuela*" (Samuel), but the officiating clergyman mistook the name for "Sam Weller," and protested that such an appellation was hardly a fitting one, until it was explained to him that the Hawaiian for Samuel was indeed *Samuela*, pronounced *Sam-wela*.

Talking of names, the natives, left to themselves, give names with a good deal of poetry and meaning in them. One little girl I know bears the name *Ka-inu-wai-aoao*, which means, "drinking water, lying on one's side," because at the time she was born or named, I forget which, a certain member of the royal family was ill,

and asked for some water as he lay on his side.

The name *Kamehameha* signifies "the lonely one;" *Kalakaua*, the name of the late king, is "the day of battle;" his wife's name, *Kapiolani*, means "the ascent of the heavens;" *Liliuokalani*, the name of the present queen, is "Lily of the heavens." The charming young lady who is the chosen successor of Queen Liliuokalani, bears the name of *Victoria-Kawekiu-Kaiulani-Lunalilo-Kalaninuiiahilapalapa*.

The story of the Christianization of Hawaii is one of the most romantic in the whole history of our religion. How the old heathen king, the first Kamehameha, longed for some of the new light which had dawned on Tahiti; how the whaling crews in Honolulu—there were sometimes 60 or 70 ships in the harbour at a time—either could not or would not teach him; how Kamehameha II. abolished the "*Kapu*" and destroyed the idols, assisted by his priests; how the little Hawaiian boy, whose parents had been killed in battle, escaped to America and was found on the threshold of Yale College, and how he stirred up the spirit of missionary endeavour in New England; how the first missionaries arrived to hear the glad news, "The idols of Oahu are no more;" how they were welcomed, and their message received with such joy that thousands were baptized in a single day; how the chiefess, Kapiolani, convinced the people of Hawaii of the power of Jehovah by defying the fires of Pele on Kilauea; and finally, how the work thus blessed by God was marred by the cruel selfishness and lust of men—all this seems more like a romantic invention than the bare sketch of the conversion of a people of whom even the

holy John Wesley doubted that they could accept the Gospel of Christ.

To the heroism of these first New England missionaries Hawaii owes its Christianity, as it is to the vice of the early whalers that she owes her ruin. Other missions came later, namely, the French Roman Catholic Mission, which has met with a very large measure of success, and our own Anglican Mission, despatched nearly thirty years ago at the special request of the king and queen. But the real burden and heat of the day was borne by these first workers, and their work, to a large extent, remains. They translated the Bible and gave the natives their first theological language, though, of course, this to later workers was not altogether a help. As an instance may be mentioned the curious mistake in naming the days of the week.

As among most primitive peoples, these are reckoned by the night, *e.g.*, *po-akahi*—one night, and not from the day. Lunar reckoning always seems to have preceded solar reckoning. Thus we have in Genesis, “*The evening and the morning,*” and there is our own word “fortnight.” But instead of calling Sunday the first night, the old missionaries called it *La-pule*, pray-day, and started off with Monday as *Po-akahi*, first night; Tuesday, *Po-alua*, second night, and so on. This makes it awkward for us in teaching that every day is really *la-pule* or pray-day, and that the real first day of the week is Sunday.

The great hindrance to all work in Hawaii at the present time is the lack of energy, the lack of “pluck,” and the lack of moral self-restraint.

Though the terrible infanticide of the old heathen days

is no more, yet the spirit which led to it is still seen in the readiness with which children are given away, and in the slight care which is taken to prolong their lives.

I have been to baptize a dying baby four days old, and when I got there I found that although half-a-dozen women were supposed to be taking care of it, yet nothing had been given to it to eat since its birth but hard *taro*, just as hard as a turnip.

This carelessness goes more or less through all Hawaiian life. A sick girl manifests a disinclination for her food, and her friends straightway abandon any attempt to give nourishment, saying in excuse, "She doesn't want it." Or a boy gets a slight fever and takes to his bed. All the women from the neighbouring houses come in, and instead of giving help sit on the bed and begin to wail, till the poor boy, I am afraid, dies just to get rid of the noise.

But, in spite of everything, nothing can quite take away the natural joyousness of Hawaiian life. Their old customs are perishing, but their old love of nature remains.

Hence, to see Hawaiians at their best, you must leave with them the conventionalities of civilization, and join them at a *luau*, or native feast, in the open air. Here, decorated with *leis* of flowers, you can sit cross-legged on the ground by the ferns and ti-leaves which form the table, and watch the swift fingers twirling in the calabashes of *poi*, or rending asunder pig, cooked in the ground, and fish, not cooked at all. Here everything is forgotten but the joy of living, and you are willing to forget for a while that the Hawaiian is fast dying away from his beautiful land.

There are not many survivals of old customs and habits now.

The old industry of beating out *kapa*, or native cloth, from the bark of the paper-mulberry, has been killed through the introduction of prints and calicoes from the outer world, and the old grass houses have been almost entirely superseded by wooden houses, like those of the European residents. But in some parts a compromise has been made in this matter between the old and the new school, and the houses are built on posts, so that there is room for the old folk to spread their mat beneath the house, while the young people live above among the tables and chairs.

There is one national custom, however, which yet survives to a certain extent, deservedly doomed, perhaps, but still so national as to claim a mention here—I mean the *hula*-dance. With a description of this taken from a letter written at the end of 1886, I must close the present chapter.

“On October 19th we had a visit here (Wailuku) from the heiress apparent, Princess Liliuokalani. She came to Wailuku with a large retinue in the morning, and in the evening, together with other loyal subjects, I went to pay her my respects. I was introduced in due form, and had a pleasant little chat with Her Royal Highness, who is a very good specimen of Hawaiian royalty, a cultivated, intelligent lady, portly, dark, with hair black, and rather woolly. She was dressed in a pink *holuku*, and had round her neck several garlands or *leis* of plumieria.

“After the introduction we took our seats on the

verandah, and witnessed for the first time an Hawaiian *hula*-dance.

“The spacious gardens in front of the verandah were brilliantly illuminated with oil-flares, which cast a weird light on the tropical vegetation, and on the crowds of Chinese, Portuguese, Hawaiians, and whites of every degree of whiteness.

“In the foreground a row of garlanded natives (men) made the night hideous with shrill bursts of extemporized song. They sat on the ground, rattling cocoanut shells, drumming on calabashes of different sizes, and singing effusions which of course were quite unintelligible to my ear, unaccustomed to Hawaiian *meles*. These historical recitals and genealogical tables, poetically arranged (for such the songs were supposed to be), were relieved by bursts of comedy, perhaps not too refined in character, at which the natives laughed with great gusto. The ambition of the singers seemed to be to sing as much as possible in one breath, and when they paused to take a drink they seemed to drink on the same principle.

“To music such as this the *Hula*-dance, a national custom ‘more honoured in the breach than in the observance,’ went on. The principal part was taken by a performer who certainly showed that English and Hawaiian ideas of grace materially differ. The ‘*hula*-girl’ was a fat, ugly woman, of uncertain age, with an enormous chignon, short frock, bare legs, and fern anklets and bracelets, but her agility was certainly in advance of her personal attractions.

“Indian nautch-girls would not have been ‘in it’ with her, and Herod’s daughter would certainly have blushed

in the presence of this lithe old dame, who, I hope, could not have won from our Princess anyone's head in a charger.

"The 'motif' of the dance seemed to be 'wriggle, wriggle, wriggle,' until it was necessary to stop for breath and—a drink, but many ideas enter into a Hula which speak plainly enough to an Hawaiian, yet are altogether meaningless to a foreigner. At any rate, the natives seemed hugely delighted with the wretched performance.

"Sometimes a man joins in, and then the dance is called a *Hulakui*, a species of entertainment a trifle less delicate still.

"After this the Waikapu band struck up, and, during this brassy interlude, I contrived to make my escape."

CHAPTER IV.

Honolulu.

A CITY OF GARDENS—THE "PUNCHBOWL"—A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF HONOLULU—BY TRAM TO WAIKIKI—A MARINE TOBOGGAN—HOLIDAY AT PEARL HARBOUR—SHARK FISHING—AN EXCITING CHASE—DELICATE MORSELS—"COD-LIVER OIL"—ROUND THE LOCHS—AN AMERICAN COALING STATION—A SHARK STORY—THE NUUANU PALI—A LOVELY RIDE—AN AWKWARD DESCENT—A PLANTATION FUNERAL—"JIM"—CEMETERIES—A STRANGE DWELLING-PLACE—HONOLULU, THE GAY CITY—THE ROYAL HAWAIIAN BAND—THE DEPARTURE OF THE STEAMER—HOW TO RECEIVE STRANGERS—HONOLULU SOCIETY—ENTERTAINMENTS—MAKING THE MOST OF THE TARS—A "MORALITY PLAY"—PLENTY OF HOLIDAYS—QUEEN VICTORIA'S JUBILEE.

HONOLULU, the capital of the Hawaiian group, is situated on the island of Oahu. The approach by steamer, round the headland of Leahi or Diamond Head, by the cocoa-nut groves of Waikiki and into the harbour, opens up a panorama of ever-changing beauty, but Honolulu itself is so embosomed in trees that to get a view of it you must go up to one of the heights outside the city.

Here is a brief description extracted from a letter dated September, 1886 :—

"On Saturday last we made an ascent of the 'Punch-

bowl' in the morning. The 'Punchbowl' is an extinct crater lying just outside Honolulu, from which a magnificent view can be had of the city and coast. The climb is a stiff one and in a hot sun not over pleasant, but it gets cooler as you ascend. The sides are covered with a coarse kind of grass, lantana shrub, and algaroba. At the top are fine ridges of volcanic rock, from which you can feast your eyes on as grand a view of mountain, sea, and sky, as is possible anywhere in the world. The city below reminds you of how Pompeii and Herculaneum once nestled at the foot of Vesuvius, and the air is surely as clear as that of Naples.

"Below, to the left, the buildings of Honolulu peep out from the trees. You can mark every building of importance in the city—the Palace, the Queen's Hospital, the Government Buildings, the Churches, and all the more prominent residences. You can see the burnt district of Chinatown, swept bare a few months ago, and can trace the streets as on a map. The harbour is full of shipping, and little puffs of smoke, coming from the Japanese man-of-war, speak of a salute being fired to the king or some other distinguished personage paying an official visit. Just within the reef is the quarantine, a low, green island with a few white houses. Then further to the right is Pearl Harbour, coveted by the Americans for a coaling station. Breaking the blue expanse of sea is the coral reef, white with foam, and far away, still to the right, the Waianae Mountains in purple robe of mist, with Mount Kaala rising prominently above its sister peaks. Straight in front is the Branch Leper Settlement, almost surrounded by taro-fields with their silvery sheen of

water. Then towards the left again runs the sea beach of Waikiki as far as the headland of Leahi, shutting in the view on this side. Turning to the north you see a succession of valleys running up into the heart of the island. They are beautifully cultivated hereabouts, thanks to the Chinaman, and well watered. As we look at them they become almost hidden in driving rain-clouds, which will soon break in heavy showers. It is a curious sight to see it raining fast in one valley, while the adjacent country is quite dry.

“Our descent was a good deal more rapid than the ascent, and we soon exchanged the cool breezes of the mountain summit for the heat of the plain beneath.”

The city, as may be seen from this sketch, has no lack of picturesque surroundings, and even the tourist, passing through on his way to Australia, can, during the brief hours of the steamer's stay, get a very fair idea of the manifold beauties of Hawaiian scenery.

In one direction he can take the tramway to Waikiki, where he will find the summer residences, often grass houses, of many of the Honolulu people, placed here on account of the lovely sands and the cocoanut groves, said to be over 200 years old. There is always plenty of bathing here, with surf swimming and tobogganing into the sea, and when the blue waters are full of black heads, bobbing up and down, there can be no truer picture of the delights of tropical life. For myself, whether looking out to sea, or along the white coast, or back at the rainbow-spanned valleys, here has always been my realization of ideal Pacific scenery.

In the other direction from Honolulu you can take train and go to Pearl Harbour, to enjoy the best of fishing or boating; and I must put in here a letter describing one of the last holidays I had in the islands—

“Honolulu,

“May 29th, 1889.

“You will be glad to know that I had a six days’ holiday last week at Pearl Harbour with Capt. W., who was lately rescued from Midway Island, where he and his family had been wrecked, and obliged to stay for fourteen months. They had a terrible time, but are all getting well and strong now, and my week with them was a most enjoyable one. I spent most of the time on the water, shark fishing, spearing fish from the reef, roaming over the hills in search of plants, and along the beach in search of shells. The shark fishing was great fun. One shark, a hammer-head over twelve feet long, got inside the coral reef at high tide, and at low tide found itself unable to get out again, so we went out in the boat to ensure his never getting out at all. To harpoon and secure him was two hours’ hard work. The monster was lashing furiously about, and did not seem at all disposed to give us an easy victory. He broke the first harpoon right off just above the barb, by the muscular contortions of his body, although the iron was as thick as two fingers. The second one he bent up like a hook. Then, feeling that his time was come, he lashed the water around us into a perfect storm, and dragged us over the coral rocks like a toy-cart. I had a good long-handled axe, with which I endeavoured to do my part

as the shark glided backwards and forwards past the boat, but the blows I gave seemed as though dealt at a moving mass of india-rubber, and hurt me, I suspect, as much as they did the shark. At the end of two hours Mr. Hammerhead was so weakened that we jammed him in between the reef and the boat, and stunned him with the axe. The sea was red with blood around for many yards.

"We then towed him triumphantly to the shore, cut off his tail and fins and head, cut out his liver, and cut up his body into strips. Even when his tail was cut off there was still enough muscular life in the dead giant to enable him to lift up a native man standing on the stump end of his body. In his mouth, very comfortably ensconced, and seemingly quite at home, was a large pilot-fish, which attached itself by a sucker to the shark's palate, and, by keeping out of the way of the hideous teeth, doubtless lived very happily and at ease.

"The fins and tail of the shark are sold to the Chinese, who esteem them, in the shape of shark's fin soup, as a very great delicacy. The liver is made to yield a plentiful supply of oil, which, I am told, has very much the properties of cod-liver oil, and is often sold as such.

"We have seen heaps of turtle, but have not been able to catch one, though they swim sometimes quite close to the boat.

"The pleasantest excursion at Pearl Harbour is to go for a sail round the lagoon, starting early in the morning. The lochs are about twenty miles round, and you pass every variety of scenery, admiring at every turn the shrewd judgment of the Americans in gaining possession of the harbour for a coaling station. However, it will

require something like a million dollars to widen the entrance sufficiently to admit large ships, and the Americans are not likely to expend this sum until they have a firmer grip on the islands than they have at present.

“Pearl Harbour is situated about eight miles from Honolulu, and is a large, almost land-locked lagoon about a mile wide and eight miles long, very deep, and affording splendid anchorage for ships of all sizes. A railway is now in course of construction from Honolulu, and when completed will make of Pearl Harbour a favourite resort for those wishing to escape for awhile from the cares of business. I came back on Saturday in the very best of health, and as brown as a *kanaka*.

“Apropos of sharks, I may say that they seldom come inside the reef, so are not very dangerous, but outside they are to be found in great numbers. Here is a story from one of the Honolulu papers:—‘A remarkable fish story was told to our fish reporter by the gentleman who does the slaughtering act on board the SS. *Oceanic*. While lying at anchor off the harbour Tuesday afternoon two lines, with hooks attached, were baited with fat chunks of meat and thrown overboard. Shortly after the fisherman had a “bite,” the result of which a shark eight feet in length was hauled up. A *post-mortem* examination showed that its stomach was a repository for old hats, fish, small stones, and last, but not least, some San Francisco hotel cards, the latter tied up in a bundle. Who says that advertising does not pay?’”

Returning to Honolulu, there is one view which no visitor, for however brief a time, ever omits to ride out

to, the famous Nuuanu Pali, between the peaks of Konahuanui and Lanihuli, the precipice over which Kamehameha the Great drove the defeated warriors of Kalanipule and Kaiana before he became monarch of the whole group. I visited this historic scene for the first time under the circumstances recorded in the following letter :—

“ Dec. 6th, 1886.

“ I have had a good deal of riding lately, and last Saturday week I had a long journey to take my first funeral.

“ We started at 10 a.m. along the Nuuanu Valley road for Kaneohe, and as we had glorious weather it was a ride to do one good. Some miles on the road we passed the old palace of Kamehameha, a cubical stone building completely overgrown with creepers.

“ In some parts the scenery was wildly picturesque, and old trunks of trees, robed in blossoming creepers, stood like giant pillars of foliage in the valley. Thread-like cataracts fell from the mountains on either hand—wild mountains, serrated with watercourses and dark with guava bushes and *kukui* trees.

“ At noon we came to the Pali, an immense precipice nearly 2,000 feet high, with a narrow zigzag path leading down to the plain below. The view from the Pali is a *coup d'œil* of indescribable beauty, sea and plain and mountain all spread out in the luminous atmosphere, like a tinted map. ‘ Billy,’ the horse, was very reluctant to make the descent, but by dint of careful coaxing and leading it was safely accomplished in less than an hour. Then came a swift canter over the plains, which brought us to Kaneohe about half-past one.

“The funeral was an hour later. The surroundings made it especially impressive, and, as a service of any kind was here of considerable rarity, there was a large assemblage from the neighbouring plantations. The deceased was a young man, a native of Liverpool, who had only been in the islands ten months, and had then succumbed to consumption. There was a beautiful cross of flowers on the coffin, and everything went to show that, stranger as he was, he had shared to the full the love and sympathy of the plantation folk.”

Speaking of my first funeral, I may add that my last funeral service was over a man of whom all we knew was that his name was “Jim.” He was a sailor who died in hospital, and there were no mourners to see him laid in his grave at Makiki cemetery.

There are three cemeteries just outside Honolulu in different directions, of which the most beautiful is Nuuanu cemetery. Kawaiahao is the old native cemetery, and here it is no uncommon thing to see natives living in little huts erected on the soil in which they expect to be buried.

But a description of Honolulu ought not naturally to suggest the idea of funerals. No city surely is less funereal, or more appreciative of the joyousness of life.

Everything, on the outside at least, seems to speak of gaiety and merriment. As you go down the streets, especially some bright moonlight night, you will hear the sound of guitars coming from the verandahs of the houses, accompanying the native songs; you will meet riding parties going for an expedition over the Pali or to Ewa,

or bathing parties on the way to enjoy a toboggan into the sea at Waikiki, or you will come to one of the parks of the city, such as Emma Square, to hear the native band, and see the hundreds of natives riding about, as they combine a real musical treat with jollity and gossip. This band, by-the-bye, is quite a famous one, and gained very high honour for itself on a visit to America in 1883. It meets the steamers when they arrive, it plays them off on their departure, so that the last sound the tourist hears is the national anthem of Hawaii—"Hawaii pono!;" it is at the service of the citizens on all important occasions, and there are really few things in Honolulu which would be more missed than the Royal Hawaiian Band.

There is no gayer scene to be seen anywhere than that at the wharf of Honolulu when the steamers leave for America. The passengers are heavily garlanded with *leis* of flowers, crowds of friends come down to say their farewell, the band strikes up with national airs of all countries, and there is an ever-increasing animation and excitement till the steamer gangway is withdrawn, and the great monster slowly moves out beyond the reef.

Honolulu people love receiving and welcoming visitors, and there is hardly a steamer which does not bring someone who furnishes an excuse for receptions, balls, banquets, and other lionizing devices.

The Court makes the social centre of Honolulu, and round this revolve genial little systems of the embassies of foreign countries represented in the city—American, English, Portuguese, Chinese, Japanese, German, and French. A strong additional element of gaiety is added,

too, by the constant presence of English and American men-of-war in the harbour. These always make the most of their stay in Honolulu, and the people of Honolulu always make the most of them. Here are two short extracts to show how we treated them—

“Jan. 10th, 1889.

“Last Tuesday week I presided at an entertainment and tea party given by the Women’s Christian Temperance Union to the sailors in port. About 300 sailors were present from the four men-of-war and from the merchant vessels. The programme consisted of songs by the sailors and by Honolulu friends, and was rendered with great éclat. The choruses were roared out as English tars alone know how to give them, and the meeting terminated with ‘Auld lang syne,’ sung by the whole company, and three cheers by the sailors for the W.C.T.U.

“On Monday night, at the Y.M.C.A. Hall, Mr. Walker, British Vice-Consul, gave a grand entertainment and ice-cream supper to the sailors of the four men-of-war. It was a crowded and enthusiastic assembly.

“Part I. consisted of songs and recitations by the sailors, the choruses being taken up in their own unapproachable style. Interspersed were three short addresses by Mr. S. D. Fuller, Mr. P. C. Jones, and myself.

“Then came Part II., the performance of a ‘morality play’ by Honolulu ladies and officers of H.B.M.S. *Cormorant*.

“The characters were ‘Hawaii nei,’ with Kahili-bearers, attendants, and four allegorical figures, representing

Justice, with sword and scales, Commerce, with rice and sugar cane, Art, with lute, and Science, with scroll and compasses. After songs by these, Time, with scythe and hour-glass, appeared and introduced Old Father Christmas, attended by Charity, Mercy, Good Cheer, and Mirth, who all had their appropriate speeches and songs.

“ Then Time preluded the passing of the old year, and to the singing of a mournful dirge by the whole company, a bent black figure, with 1888 on his robe, shuffled slowly through. Soon the music changed, and with glad songs a little girl in white was introduced, bearing on her crown the figures 1889. She was attended by Hope, Peace, and Good Resolve. The whole concluded with a striking tableau, all grouped around the New Year.

“ Part III. consisted of ice cream, cake, and plenty of cheering, and we broke up about 10.30 p.m.”

The cosmopolitanism of Honolulu leads to numerous holidays being observed, shared more or less fully by the people at large.

In the first rank of these are of course the Hawaiian holidays, such as Kamehameha Day, Independence Day, and the birthday of the Sovereign.

Next come the American holidays, such as the “ Fourth of July,” Thanksgiving Day, and Decoration Day, almost as universally observed as the Hawaiian days.

Lastly come a whole multitude of holidays observed by various sections of the people, including the birthdays of the reigning Sovereigns of England, Germany, Portugal, Italy, China, and Japan, and the Commemoration of the taking of the Bastille.

But no celebration connected with a foreign country was so enthusiastically entered into by the whole population as that of the Jubilee of Her Majesty Queen Victoria, June 20th, 1887. A short account of the way this unique event was observed in Honolulu will serve as the conclusion of the present chapter.

“June 27th, 1887.

“We, in common with all loyal people throughout the world, have just been keeping the Jubilee. I am afraid I must not attempt a very long description of the celebrations, but they were most successfully planned and carried out.

“Two distinct funds were raised among the Honolulu citizens for this commemoration, one to provide the immediate gratification of an entertainment and picnic, the other—a Victoria Benevolent Fund—to provide help for poor and indigent Britishers.

“On Sunday, June 19th, we had a grand Jubilee service at 7-30 p.m. The Cathedral was packed, and hundreds were unable even to get standing room. The King and his Ministers were present, and all the members of the Diplomatic Service. A large special choir led the singing, and the Bishop preached a sermon from the appropriate text, ‘By Me kings reign.’

“On Monday there was an excursion by sea and land to Kapiolani Park, where a pic-nic was held on a grand scale, in which 2,000 people enjoyed themselves to their hearts’ content. In the evening there was a grand display of fireworks, and an official reception given by H.B.M.’s Commissioner, Major Wodehouse. The house

and grounds were most brilliantly illuminated, and a spacious *lanai* was erected, which within was a grove of palms and flowering shrubs of every description, the masses of foliage relieved by the flags, carpets, and seats.

“The King was present and wore the Order of S. Michael and S. George, and I suppose it would not have been easy anywhere else in the world to have got together representatives of so many nationalities in so small a space. All the Ministers were present—French, German, American, Swedish, Portuguese, Chinese, Japanese, &c. The reception was voted by all a great success, and long was the dancing kept up by the young folk in honour of Her Majesty’s reign of fifty years. Long may that reign continue!”

CHAPTER V.

Fire and Water in Hawaii.

KILAUEA—MISS BIRD'S DESCRIPTION OF THE VOLCANO—A LAKE OF FIRE—HALEMAUMAU, THE HOUSE OF EVERLASTING FIRE—"FROM PARADISE TO THE MOUTH OF HELL"—THE LAVA-FLOW OF 1886—A SAFETY VALVE—EARTHQUAKE SHOCKS—A DWINDLING REALM—THE PIG-GOD AND PELE AT LEAHI—HALEAKALA—A NEW VOLCANO—"AA" AND "PAHOEHOE"—THE VALUE OF WATER—THE WATER-HOUSE—INFLUENCE OF TREE CULTURE ON THE RAINFALL—ARTESIAN WELLS—THE FLOWERS OF HAWAII—THE NIGHT-BLOOMING CEREUS—FRUITS ALWAYS IN SEASON—WANTED, A MARKET—KING SUGAR—THE SPRECKELSVILLE PLANTATION—IRRIGATION—NO BLIGHT, GOOD MACHINERY, CHEAP LABOUR—COOLIES.



NO description of the Islands is considered complete without an attempt to portray the great active volcano of Kilauea, and this wonderful phenomenon is the one attraction which induces the majority of tourists to visit Hawaii at all.

Every attempt to describe what is really indescribable must necessarily give a very inadequate impression, but it has been done as well as it ever will be done by Miss Gordon Cumming in her "Fire Fountains," and by Miss Isabella Bird in "Six Months in the Sandwich Islands," so that I shall readily be excused for giving nothing but the barest account of this feature of the islands. In a few graphic words Miss Bird gives as good an idea of

the awful abyss of Hale-mau-mau—the House of Everlasting Fire, as human language is capable of conveying. She says :—

“ We think of a volcano as a cone. This Kilauea is a different thing. The abyss, which really is at a height of about 4,000 feet on the flank of Mauna Loa, has the appearance of a great pit on a rolling plain. But such a pit ! It is nine miles in circumference, and its lowest area, which not long ago fell about 300 feet, just as ice on a pond falls when the water below it is withdrawn, covers six square miles. The depth of the crater varies from 800 to 1,100 feet in different years, according as the molten sea below is at flood or ebb. Signs of volcanic activity are present more or less throughout its whole depth, and for some distance round its margin, in the form of steam cracks, jets of sulphurous vapour, blowing cones, accumulating deposits of acicular crystals of sulphur, &c., and the pit itself is constantly rent and shaken by earthquakes. Grand eruptions occur at intervals with circumstances of indescribable terror and dignity, but Kilauea does not limit its activity to these outbursts, but has exhibited its marvellous phenomena through all known time in a lake or lakes in the southern part of the crater three miles from this side.”

If anyone wants a better idea, he must take the journey from Honolulu to Hilo, ride, or trudge through the woods—a journey, it has been said, from Paradise to the mouth of Hell—see the fire waves rolling against the red-hot rocks, and the fire fountains rising into the

air, and he will feel how impossible it is to paint a scene which seems not to belong to earth.

At intervals of something like ten years a lava flow occurs; a great tide of lava bursts the bounds of the mountain and pours down the slopes till it reaches the sea. The last flow of this kind took place a few months after I reached the islands, and is thus described in a letter dated Jan. 28th, 1887 :—

“ There has been a new outbreak of Mauna Loa in Hawaii. It is strange to hear everybody expressing satisfaction that the goddess Pele has once more poured forth her fires, but you can easily understand that as long as the lava flow offers no great danger to life and property, it is a matter for congratulation rather than otherwise. For, in the first place, a volcanic eruption brings lots of visitors to us from America and elsewhere, and we are always glad to welcome tourists to our Island Kingdom. Secondly, the activity of Mauna Loa is, as it were, a safety-valve to the volcanic activity beneath us, and offers assurance that Honolulu itself is in comparatively little danger from volcano or earthquake. We have so many extinct craters around us that we look to Mauna Loa, the one open vent, to keep them quiet, and although we have a few slight shocks of earthquake, Kilauea is, to a large extent, a guarantee against their growing to be serious.

“ In Hawaii, in one place, from 2 p.m. on Sunday to 7 p.m. on Tuesday, 618 distinct shocks of earthquake were counted ; five houses were shaken down at Pahala, a reservoir burst, and other damage done.

“ It is curious to note how the realm of Pele has

dwindled in these islands, once the very throne of the goddess. All the islands are volcanic, but in the northern parts of the group almost the traces are covered up. The scarred slopes of lava are covered with vegetation, and no one in Kauai would guess that once rivers of fire coursed down the slopes where the fig and orange flourish. As much cannot be said for Oahu, the island on which Honolulu stands. There is no mistaking the impressive headland of Leahi, or Diamond Head. One can quite understand the belief growing up in the native mind, that this crater was the scene of the fight between Kamapuaa, the pig-god, and Pele, the volcano-goddess—a fight which terminated by Kamapuaa swallowing an enormous draught of sea water, which he poured forth into the burning bowl, and so extinguished the fires for ever.

“Further south still, on Maui, the traces are even more plainly discernible. The great summit of Haleakala, ‘house of the sun,’ 10,000 feet high, is more impressive in its silence than it may have been in its activity. As you look down into that awful pit, 2,000 feet deep, in which cloud masses move to and fro like spirits of the abyss, it is not

“‘Deep within the mountain's burning breast,
Enceladus the giant was at rest,’

which occurs to you, but you think rather of the weird ghostliness of the Inferno.

“Then, still further south, you reach the land where Pele still is mistress and holds her court, fighting desperately for every inch of her ancient dominion.

“On Tuesday, the 18th of January, a new volcano

broke out at Mauna Loa, about a mile north-east of Halepoohaahaa, and a mile from the famous 'heiau' or heathen temple of Umi. During the first 24 hours there were ejected two streams of 'aa'—scoria—rivers of boiling mud, which flowed down the slope at the rate of a mile and a half an hour.

"On the 20th the lava—*pahoehoe*—began to flow, and three streams of liquid fire, from one to three miles wide, crossed the road at daybreak, flowing at the rate of 25 miles an hour, reaching the sea at Ka-u at 11.40 a.m., when the boiling mass leaped headlong into the waves.

"About fifteen fountains of molten lava were hurled into the air from the crater to a height of from 100 to 200 feet, and then down the mountain rolled a liquid sheet of blood-red fire, two miles across, rushing and roaring like a mighty river, and bearing upon its fiery breast great boulders of stone several tons in weight. The explosions of pent-up gases were tremendous, and the Portuguese labourers in the neighbourhood were at their wits' end, calling upon the Virgin and all the saints to shield them, and convinced that the end of the world had come.

"Here in Honolulu we have felt nothing but the attendant shocks, but the whole atmosphere has been filled with a curious haze, and sun and moon alike have risen and set in blood-red splendour."

But fire is by no means the most potent element in Hawaii after all. Fortunately, beside being a land of volcanoes, it is a land, too, of running waters. There is only one stream worthy of being called a river, but

every valley has its torrent continually bringing down streams of refreshment from the clouds to the lower lands.

You may have noticed how frequently the word *wai* enters into the names of Hawaiian localities. It is to be explained thus: *wai* means water, and water is the greatest blessing Hawaii possesses. No taro patch, rice field, or cane field could exist without water. Hence the Hawaiian long ago recognized the importance of the mountain-rivulets, and the water-rights of each landowner had to be very strenuously fought for. Almost all the litigation in former years was on account of water, and an interesting survival of this old *causa belli* exists in the fact that the police station is here called *Hale-wai*, i.e., "Water House," because most men got there on account of water. Now, I am sorry to say, they get there on account of something stronger than water.

The amount of water available for the land has been much increased of recent years, and to this two causes have contributed. The first of these is the increase of rainfall through the extension of arboriculture round Honolulu, and the second is the digging of artesian wells, which have enabled large tracts of country to be put under cultivation which formerly were mere desert, or the home of the hardy mimosa.

The trees and flowers of Honolulu at the present time make the city one of the most wonderful botanical gardens in the world, deriving its specimens from the tropical luxuriance of India, Africa, America, and Australia.

There is no greater joy in Honolulu than to wander about the lovely avenues and bowers of flowering trees

and shrubs, and mark beauties ever new in a flora gathered from every tropic land.

In one of my first letters home I wrote :—

“ It is quite a sight to see a large hedge of that wonderful cactus, the night-blooming cereus. It is worth while for this alone to go out by moonlight to Punahou to feast one’s senses of sight and smell on the glorious white blossoms. They only bloom at night, and for one night only. What a wonderful flower, and yet only one night’s perfect life ! But its perfection is none the less for the short time it has to do its work. God counts work not as done by years, and eternity may be crowded into an hour.

“ There is a beautiful double Hibiscus rather common in the gardens here, a lovely flower, which is pure white in the morning but turns pink during the day, and is quite red at night. I often used to think how the pure pages of each day’s life must, in the sight of God, often, like this flower, become scarlet ere the night.”

But to speak of the Hawaiian flowers in detail would be to write a volume. The variety of flowers, too, is matched by the variety of fruits, so that the whole year round there is a constant supply of the most luscious fruits—“ pleasant to the eyes ” and “ good for food.”

The following extract from a Honolulu paper—*The Paradise of the Pacific*—showing the principal fruits, in alphabetical order, together with their seasons, will give some idea of the wealth of Hawaii in this respect :—

“ Avocado, or Alligator Pear	...	June to August.
Banana	All the year.
Cherimoya	November to December.
China Orange	All the year.
Cocoa-nut	All the year.
Custard Apple	September to October.
Dates	June to October.
Eugenia	June to August.
Fig	Nearly all the year.
Garcinia	May to July.
Grapes	June to October.
Guavas (native)	Nearly all the year.
Guavas (strawberry)	December to January.
Java plums	July to November.
Limes	All the year.
Li-chi	July to September.
Loquit	July to January.
Mammae Apple	July to November.
Mango	May to September.
Mulberry	July to October.
Musk Melon	June to November.
Ohia	June to November.
Orange	All the year.
Papaia	All the year.
Peach	June to September.
Pine Apple	June to August.
Pomegranate	June to October.
Rose Apple	June to October.
Sapota Pear	June to October.
Sour Sop	Nearly all the year.
Spanish Cherry	May to September.
Strawberry	February to September.
Tamarind	Nearly all the year.

Vi...	June to November.
Water Lemon		July to October.
Water Melon		May to October.
Whampee	July to September."

Unfortunately, Hawaiian fruits are not much cultivated for exportation. The nearest market is a week's distance even by fast steamers, and this market—California—is itself one of the greatest fruit-producing countries in the world. So, with the exception of bananas and to a lesser extent coffee, Hawaiian fruits have not been commercially developed as they might have been. Another great cause has contributed to this result, viz., the overwhelming importance, among Hawaiian productions, of rice and sugar. Rice is grown chiefly by the Chinese, and since the use of artesian wells has grown to be a very important article of commerce, but all other articles of export sink into insignificance when compared with sugar.

It is sugar which has caused the present political importance of Hawaii, which has been the cause of her commercial prosperity, which has attracted the vast majority of her foreign population, which has made her merchants millionaires, and it is difficult to appreciate what the extent of the calamity would be if a sudden failure of the sugar were to take place. The industry attained its present dimensions mainly after the conclusion of the Reciprocity Treaty with the United States of America in 1876, and the present money value of the plantations is probably little, if at all, short of \$40,000,000, of which nearly three-fourths would be American capital.

The extent of the plantations may be imagined from the fact that one plantation—that of Spreckelsville, on

Maui—contains 40,000 acres, of which 12,000 acres are constantly cultivated. Here you can see a green sea of growing sugar cane extending for sixteen miles, and the work involved in such an enterprise can only be understood by remembering that before the formation of the plantation this was all desert land, a sandy plain without trees or grass. All the water by which it is now irrigated is brought from miles away by means of a forty-inch pipe which pierces through tunnellings in the rock, crosses terrific gulches, and so brings sufficient water from the mountains, that five million cubic feet are poured out upon the land every day.

Moreover, the success which has up to the present attended sugar-growing in Hawaii has been quite phenomenal, as the generally wealthy condition of the sugar-planters is sufficient to testify.

For this three causes may be assigned.

First, there has so far been no serious drawback. There has been no blight, the cane is as a rule free from borers, and rats are easily kept down by means of the mongoose.

Secondly, the machinery is everywhere of the most perfect construction. Steam ploughs are used to break up the land, the mill machinery is all of the newest pattern, and the double maceration process squeezes out the juice so completely that the trash is left dry and goes straight to the furnaces to be used as fuel.

Thirdly, there is abundance of cheap, coolie labour. The planters are constantly on the look out for the best kind of labourers, and they have certainly tried many varieties. The natives have naturally been tried, but

they turn out too idle and thriftless to be very much prized. South Sea Islanders are not much better, but there is a considerable number of Fijians and Gilbert Islanders in various parts of the group. Japanese have been very largely employed, and there are at the present time something like 11,000 in the islands. They make good labourers on the whole, but have quite a notoriety for shamming sickness so that they may get off a day or two's work. The best labourers undoubtedly have proved to be the Chinese, who now number 22,000 in the islands. The only thing that the planters dislike about them is that after working out their contract term on the plantations they like to get up into the towns and engage in business on their own account, to the great dislike of the white artisan or shopkeeper, who will use the Chinaman as much as you like, but strongly objects to compete against him.

One cannot, however, wonder at any man desiring to get away from the plantations after a time. It is a rough life, a very hard life, as much so for the manager or the *lunas*—overseers—as for the labourers. To be in the saddle for twelve hours together under a hot sun, in clouds of dust, ordering about gangs of coolies from field to field, is trying to the mind and body alike, and if the work is sometimes a little brutalising it is not to be wondered at.

Taking this into consideration, it is remarkable to see what refinement and culture and hospitality have their home on the sugar plantations of the Hawaiian Islands, and make them some of the most delightful places to visit that can well be conceived.


CHAPTER VI.

Leprosy.

A TAINTED RACE—LEPROSY AND SIN—NEMESIS—A HARVEST OF DEATH—
THE LEPER SETTLEMENT OF KALAUPAPA—FIRST APPEARANCE OF THE
DISEASE—SEGREGATIVE MEASURES—DESCRIPTION OF LEPROSY—THE
LEPERS IN MOLOKAI—FATHER DAMIEN AND OTHER WORKERS—THE
HARDSHIPS OF SEGREGATION—IS LEPROSY CONTAGIOUS?—IS IT CUR-
ABLE?—THE EFFORTS OF THE HAWAIIAN GOVERNMENT—WELCOMING
DEATH.

“Honolulu,

“March 15th, 1887.

“T seems strange that amid all the natural beauties of our islands, amid all the brightness of earth and sea and sky, that there should lurk so much human suffering and misery as is suggested to us by the mention of the word Leprosy. ‘Mai Paké’ it is called here, that is, Chinese sickness, though the Chinese seem in reality to have little to do with it. When you look around at the luxuriance of Nature here, or go out in the cool evening, when ‘the liquid star stands trembling like a tear upon the closing eyelid of the day,’ or the Southern Cross hangs in jewelled splendour in the sky, and then consider the awful fact that at least 2 per cent. of the population of these islands are confirmed lepers, dead even to hope,

you feel overwhelmingly the disharmony which sin brings into the cosmos of God.

“For the old law of God was obviously right in making leprosy the type of sin, just as it is the result of sin. The laws of Nature themselves show the divine abhorrence of sin, and natural purity, trampled on and despised, brings about its Nemesis in the body—a Nemesis which knows no forgiveness in the sense of letting off, but pleads for judgment to the uttermost.

“What the Israelites brought on themselves among the flesh-pots of Egypt, when, in spite of their bondage, ‘they did eat bread to the full;’ what Europe brought on herself from the license of the Crusading times—has been brought on Hawaii of to-day, largely by the wantonness and selfishness of civilized men, who in the old whaling days taught the natives to break their own ‘tabus’ on the sly, and used the simple islanders to gratify their own vile lusts, as heedless of the old moral law of their heathenism as of the yet unknown law of Jehovah.

“‘Whatever is sown has to be reaped,’ and what was sown seventy years ago in Hawaii is being reaped to-day in a harvest of death. Those old whalers have done their work. When the missionaries arrived, it was seen that their coming was not favourable to the reckless traffic which had gone on so long with impunity. White men—English and American—saw it was against their interest for the people to be sober, and not drink the vile liquors which they had introduced among them; it was against their interest for the people to be pure, and not swim off to the ships as had been their custom up to that time;

it was against their interest for Hawaii to follow the moral law of God. So that terrible struggle was begun, during which sailors who sailed under the flag of liberty came ashore from their armed schooners, wrecked the mission-houses, erected distilleries in their stead, forced the people to become drunk, forced the king to become drunk, and even forced him to abolish the law of the Ten Commandments which he had proclaimed as the law of the kingdom. Thus, the result has come about that almost entirely and directly on account of the vice which spread like wildfire among the people, released from their old 'tabu' and unrestrained by any higher law, the native population, which numbered 160,000 only seventy years ago, now numbers little more than 37,000 men and women, in whom, alas! the taint of leprosy seems deep and ineradicable.

"I often think of a passage in one of George Eliot's novels—'Adam Bede,' I think—in which the startling appearance of the Cross among the rural beauties, vineyard and orchard, of France, is spoken of as justified by the strange depths of human suffering. The sorrow of the human heart, even where Nature sings in sweetest accents, requires the strength of a suffering God, a crucified Saviour.

"One can realise this when the Leper Settlement of Kalaupapa lies unveiled as a scene of smiling beauty.

"I have lying before me voluminous reports gathered by the Hawaiian Government on the subject of leprosy, its nature and treatment, not only in our own islands, but in many other lands.

"Indeed the subject is a very wide one, and I will try

to condense a few ideas on the matter, although no words can make the reader see the awful sight—almost as our Saviour saw it in Galilee of old.

“It was in 1850 that Leprosy first appeared in Hawaii. God grant that our white civilization might clear itself of the terrible responsibility for this curse. Our English seamen have much to answer for, for the way in which they have introduced unutterably foul habits of sin among the simple-minded inhabitants of the Pacific.

“It was not, however, till 1863 that ‘Mai Paké’ seemed to be spreading, but for some time no means were taken towards its restriction, and the one infected soon increased to a dozen.

“In 1865 an Act was passed to set apart land for the segregation of Hawaiian lepers, for, with all modern improvements in medical science, the old Mosaic law of separation remains the best resource of statesman and physician. It has been the custom in China for many years for lepers to dwell by themselves in walled villages, though the filth and vice of these haunts of foulness have driven many to commit suicide rather than dwell there. The description of leprosy is not an inviting subject, and I will not say much about it. The disease begins in a red spot, generally on the face. This spreads with scaly eruptions over the body. The spots become elevated, shining and then dark; tubercles appear, from the size of a pea to that of a hen’s egg; then the skin roughens, becomes full of wrinkles and fissures; nose, ears, and eyelids become inflamed, and chin and lips assume a most horrible appearance. Then the voice becomes hoarse, the nails and eyebrows drop off, ulcers form at

the joints (which are slowly destroyed), and the body becomes a helpless, jointless mass of corruption.

“The place selected for the settlement was the beautiful district of Kalaupapa, in Molokai, a fertile plain of about 5,000 acres, only approached from the sea, or by the descent of a precipitous ‘pali’ 2,000 feet high.

“In 1866 the total number of lepers reported was 274. Some of these were kept in the hospital of Kalihi, and in 1868 a great many were sent to Molokai. Many were the difficulties in the way of carrying out the policy of segregation. The natives hid their leprous friends up in the mountains, wives refused to be parted from their husbands, fathers refused to leave their children, lepers fought to the death to avoid capture, but the work was carried on firmly and wisely.

“Between March and July, 1873, 471 people were sent to Molokai, making the total number of lepers 800, including 18 foreigners—Chinese, German, English, and American.

“It was in this year that the heroic priest, Father Damien, was landed to make his home and work among the poor sufferers in the Government colony, and while his name will always hold a high place in the annals of self-sacrifice, there are others who, equally with him, should not be forgotten.

“There is the noble band of Franciscan Sisters, whose labours of love among the lepers in hospital, school, and cottage, will never be told on earth, but are written indelibly in the archives of heaven; there are also the doctors, the Government officials, the ministers of the Protestant sects, and many others who have laboured

nobly to make the remnant of life bearable to these exiles of earth, till they are released by the angel of death to find solace in the all-compassionate bosom of God.

“Poor lepers! It is easy for those who have no relatives or friends among them to enforce the decree of segregation to the letter, but who can write of the terrible, the heart-breaking scenes which that enforcement has brought about?

“A man upon Hawaii was suddenly taken away after a summary arrest, leaving behind him a helpless wife about to give birth to a baby. The devoted wife with great pain and risk came the whole journey to Honolulu, and pleaded till the authorities were unable to resist her entreaty that she might go and live like a leper with her leper husband.

“A woman in the prime of life and activity is condemned as an incipient leper, suddenly removed from her home, and her husband returns to find his two helpless babes moaning for their lost mother.

“One woman, Luka Kaaukau, has been living with her leper husband in the settlement for twelve years. The man has scarcely a joint left, his limbs are only distorted, ulcerated stumps, for four years his wife has put every particle of food into his mouth. He wanted his wife to abandon his wretched carcase long ago, as she herself was sound and well, but Luka said that she was content to remain and wait on the man she loved till the spirit should be freed from its burden.

“I myself have known hard cases enough; of a girl, apparently in full health, decorating the Church with me at Easter, who before Christmas is taken away as a

confirmed leper; of a mother hiding her child in the mountains for years, so that not even her dearest friends knew that she had a child alive, that he might not be taken away; of a respectable white man taken away from his wife and family, and compelled to become a dweller in the Leper Settlement, where he is counted dead, even by the Insurance Companies.

“But the intention of segregation is merciful, and it is unwise to relax the laws, even though leprosy exists in various forms among numbers of people who are as yet, it may be, entirely unsuspected.

“‘Is it contagious?’ and ‘Is it curable?’ are two questions of immense importance.

“With regard to question 1, I think there can be no reasonable doubt that, with proper precautions, the disease is not, in the ordinary sense of the word, contagious. With vicious habits of life and improper sanitary arrangements it may be, and of course is, communicated, but the gastric juice in health ought to be able to render the ‘bacilli lepræ’ quite innocuous, and wherever leprosy does spread it is generally from the same causes as other siphilitic diseases. The old rule, ‘Cleanliness is next to godliness’ certainly has the utmost importance in dealing with lepers or with the leper question.

“It is more difficult to pronounce definitely with regard to question 2, ‘Is it curable?’ For the present there can be no answer. Pretended remedies have been announced and tried by the score. Government has certainly not been remiss in employing distinguished specialists of various nationalities to experiment and to

do their best towards suggesting a real remedy, but we must still wait awhile for a cure, and be very glad if we can get amelioration.

“The work of the Hawaiian Government in Molokai cannot be too highly praised. The bountiful provision made by the Legislature for the support of the lepers as the guests of the nation, the ample provision of hospitals and schools, with their physicians and nursing sisters, their splendid organization of the Board of Health, supplying abundant food, clothing, and other comforts and even luxuries to the lepers must not be forgotten. It is safe to say that various sensational appeals for help for the lepers of Molokai, such as have been put forth in England from time to time, were based on considerable ignorance of the real facts of the case, and were chiefly due to the ill-considered impulse of philanthropy, unguided by reasonable knowledge and consideration.

“The island is sad enough in all truth—a ‘most distressful country,’ as Robert Louis Stevenson calls it—but all that can be done is being done by a liberal and enlightened Christian policy of government, and after all that we can do, we must leave the sufferers in the hands of a merciful God, who is ‘too wise to err, too good to be unkind.’”

To this letter I may add in conclusion a brief extract from a letter dated some time later.

“Only a few months ago a condemned prisoner was offered his life if he would consent to be inoculated for leprosy. He accepted the risk, was inoculated, but as

yet remains free from the disease, which thus remains as much a mystery as ever."

I have never heard that he ever did become a leper, but it must be borne in mind that leprosy is a disease which sometimes remains latent for years.

"Yesterday morning (April 21st, 1888) I went to see a poor woman who has been recently condemned to deportation to Molokai as a leper, and you can hardly judge of all that means.

"Last week a girl whose relations I know well—a girl about 17 years old—died far up in the mountains in a cave, where she has been hidden for seven or eight years, lest she should be seized and sent away to the leper island.

"There is infinite pathos, I think, in a story I heard the other day from a friend who has just returned from a visit to Molokai. He suddenly heard the joyous strains of a band strike up in the settlement. 'What is it for?' he asked. The answer was, 'Two lepers have just died in the hospital.'

"The death-angel had come for the weary sufferers; the poor frail clod of humanity had been cast aside, and those that were left mourned not, but rejoiced at the deliverance of their brethren."


CHAPTER VII.

Wailuku and the Iao Valley.

AN INTER-ISLAND PASSAGE—NIGHT ON DECK—A RAILWAY JOURNEY—
"COMPAGNONS DE VOYAGE"—WAILUKU—THE CHURCH OF THE GOOD
SHEPHERD—WAILUKU DUST—THE IAO VALLEY—BATTLE SCENES—AN
EXPEDITION UP THE IAO VALLEY—THE THREE CROSSINGS--THE MAKING
OF "AWA"—THE BLACK GORGE—TOO MUCH WATER—A SOLITARY
LIFE—THE FOUNTAINS OF FERTILITY—THE RETURN—IN WAR-PAINT.

"Wailuku,

"Oct. 3rd, 1886.

"N Monday last the Bishop gave me a saddle and bridle and drove me down to the wharf, where I embarked on the 'Likelike' for Kahului. The sea is always rough in the Channels, but I did not suffer at all, and had leisure to admire the magnificent headlands of Oahu as we rounded Diamond Point—an extinct crater said to have been extinguished by the god Kamapuaa—half-pig, half-man—in revenge for the interference of Madam Pele, the volcano goddess.

"There is little or no twilight here, so we soon had our mattresses and pillows spread out on deck, where we slept while the starry firmament formed the curtains of our bed. We touched at Molokai—the Leper Island—in the night and took on board Father James, who had

just been visiting Father Damien, the volunteer exile to that plague-stricken island. The sun was just rising when we sighted Kahului, where we were landed by means of boats.

"Thence I had the rarely experienced treat of a railway journey to Wailuku, a distance of two miles. There was only one carriage, and I wish I could give you a picture of its occupants.

"First of all, there was an old Roman priest, Father Charles, a worker in the island for over forty years, with his long white beard adding dignity to a very kind-looking face. Then there was an old Hawaiian woman who suggested one of the 'Weird Sisters' in 'Macbeth.' As soon as she was comfortably seated she produced from her pocket a short clay pipe and a little bottle of tobacco, with which she soon produced a *solatium* she was kind enough to share with her female neighbours. These were two or three buxom Hawaiian women of most substantial proportions, who gave a grotesque aspect of puniness to the yellow, wizened-looking Chinaman opposite them. A bandit-looking, evil-eyed Portuguese, and a few bare-legged school children made up the rest of the party.

"At Wailuku I went to breakfast with a member of the Church living there, and spent the rest of the day making calls.

"My chief aim here is to visit all the Japanese on the plantations, hold services by means of interpreter, arrange for classes, and learn Japanese myself. I have a horse, 'Bihopa'—Bishop—who will be my assistant in this matter, except in learning Japanese. There are six hundred Japanese on this island of Maui. The English

congregation will require my services twice on Sundays and at such other times as I can arrange.

“ My Church—the ‘ Church of the Good Shepherd ’ (Ekalesia o ka Kahuhipa Maikai)—is a dear little building as large as an ordinary English mission room, with furniture complete, and cassocks and surplices for a choir, which as yet does not exist.

“ There is a large roomy parsonage close at hand, with grounds and stables, but I don’t feel competent to become its lone inmate as yet, so I am boarding out, with the intention next week of fitting up a room or two near the school with a few bits of furniture. Then, perhaps, I shall begin to cook for myself, for as yet I have a good digestion, until I can afford to have a Chinaman to do it for me.

“ Besides the Church, there is a nice Schoolroom for Sunday and day school, both of which I must take entirely myself at present. School only lasts from 9 a.m. till noon and from 1 to 2 p.m., so I shall have plenty of time for visiting afterwards. The children I am getting to day school are chiefly white children of the better sort, whose parents object to their going to the Government freeschool.

“ Wailuku is a very pretty place. It is the third town in the islands for size, and is situated in a long narrow valley running inland from Kahului. The mountains around are grand, and always wrapt in cloud. Haleakala, to the west, is the largest crater—extinct, happily—in the world, 10,000 feet high, with a basin at the top seven miles across and 2,000 feet deep. The interior is generally full of mist, and out of it rise sixteen volcanic cones, four of which are each as large as the Punchbowl in Honolulu.

“ The people at Wailuku are mostly connected with

the plantations and of every conceivable nationality. Teams of oxen, yoked together with heavy wooden yokes, drag the heavy wagons along the dusty roads. I say 'dusty' advisedly, for there has been no rain for a long time, and in some places the sugar-cane is perishing, and the cattle dying of thirst.

"The prettiest place I have been to yet is the Iao Valley, which runs up between the mountains, and ends in a tremendous gorge—the Black Gorge. A stream of water rushes along over great boulders of rock. Far down below the narrow path you see little homesteads and Chinese gardens, far away the great mountain, dotted with horses, cattle, and goats, and rising aloft, the mysterious portals of cloud-land. For hundreds of feet, beautiful passion flowers climb and hang in bright festoons from rock to rock. Right across the valley you can hear the shrill cries of *Kanaka*, or Chinamen, almost miles away, yet so distinctly that they seem close by your side.

"It was in this valley the great battle took place between Kamehameha I. and the Maui chief Kalani Kanikeaouliilunalilo. On this occasion Kamehameha was assisted by one of the two famous white chiefs, John Young, who taught the use of firearms to the people."

"Nov. 6th, 1886.

"It was on Thursday, Oct. 21st, that, at 1 p.m., Messrs. C. G. and myself on foot, and Messrs. B. and Y. on horseback, started off on an expedition to the Iao Valley. We were arrayed in the most Gibeonitish clothing obtainable, for the journey is a rough one, and not lightly to be undertaken in apparel that you mean to wear again. Axe in hand we started out, cutting down,

to begin with, some strong bamboo poles to help us over the rocks, with the aid of coils of rope to form ladders over the more precipitous parts. They were a nuisance to carry, but we found the utility of them before we had done.

“Up to the first crossing our way lay along the opening to the Iao Valley, a glorious vale, opening out in one direction to the sea, and in the other narrowing to a cloud-darkened gulch. High above us, on either hand, the mountains up to the cloud-line seemed trellised with creeping vines. Down below the winding path was the rushing river, its course in parts almost choked by great boulders of stone. On either side of this, and of the ditch or flume, which brought down water from the mountains, were picturesque squares of Chinese market gardens, where the patient Celestial walked among his potatoes, taro, and bananas, with a couple of capacious water-pots slung on a bamboo across his shoulders, a modern Aquarius. How clearly every sound made itself heard! It seemed quite easy for natives to converse even across the valley, and you could scarcely believe that shouts seemingly close had travelled across from the distant slope of the mountain where horses and wild goats showed the size of rabbits.

“Near the first crossing the pathway became almost lost amid a wild profusion of guava-bushes, the ginger with lovely white and yellow flowers, fig trees on which the fruit was as yet unripe, enormous clusters of scraggy-looking castor-oil trees with bunches of prickly berries, kukui trees with silvery foliage and nuts so esteemed as brooches when polished, manilla bananas famous for their fibre, and last, but not least, the bread-fruit tree which is

more than ordinarily common on this island. Unfortunately very few of these things, partly from native indolence, partly from the all-absorbing interest in sugar, are turned to commercial account. However, the natives do turn to account one production of the valley, the noxious awa-root, from which a most potent spirit is distilled, regarded as invaluable in possessing the virtues of spirits and opium, and so conducive to human happiness. You may see the process of manufacture almost any day. The natives sit round in a circle enjoying life in the mastication of the awa-root. The juice, instead of being swallowed, is ejected into a bowl or calabash in the midst until a sufficient quantity has accumulated to insure a good night's revel.

"The crossing is easily performed in the case of the horsemen by fording, and in the case of the infantry section of our party by means of a narrow plank spanning the water at some height above the torrent to prevent its being washed away by sudden freshets.

"The next part of the way is by an intricate path through a great deal of undergrowth until the second crossing is reached, where you must select your own place and get across as best you may by fording, leaping, and climbing to the opposite side. The boulders of grey rock are immense, and the poles came in very handy here.

"So we went along till we came to the third crossing, which only differed from the other two in being rather more difficult.

"When all these crossings were passed we, like adventurous knights in fairy tales, found ourselves at the portals of the great rock castle, the central stronghold of this rock-fortress of Maui.

"The horses could proceed no further, so we hitched them to trees, and left them to guard our coats and such impedimenta as were not absolutely necessary for the remainder of the journey.

"Then for a moment we paused to look up at the sheer rocks above us. It was almost dark, the clouds overhead were black as ink, and a cloud-burst (such as not unfrequently happens) would be something more than a shower, as the rocks and stones above are easily persuaded to join in the descent.

"The appearance of the valley here was almost that of a circular amphitheatre of dark rock, lost in cloudland, and haunted by gigantic spirit-like wreaths of vapour.

"On entering, however, you find the gorge winding round and up till it brings you to a deep cañon or torrent bed, only a few feet wide.

"There was work for us to do still, so we could not stand gazing for long. Everything was so matted with thick bushes and dense grass that the closest inspection failed to reveal where the interstices lay between the rocks, and as we proceeded along in Indian file, every few minutes one of us would sink from view in the dankest of vegetation or the coolest of water. But being wet through was a well-recognised necessity. I myself fared badly through the need of wearing spectacles, but these at last had to be left behind on a rock, as it was impossible to see through them or to keep them dry. Soon we were quite shut in, and one thing after another, one obstacle of rock or water, was surmounted—not without ludicrous mishaps. I can recall even now the delightful sensation of sliding gently backwards off a rock upon

which I had tried to crawl, until the insecure tenement was left vacant by my going flop into the water below. The bamboo poles were more than a help. A rod or a staff was a necessity in such a valley as this, as the Psalmist knew well when, with the memory of his Palestinian defiles in his heart, he thought of another valley, darker and deeper than Engedi—the valley of the shadow of death.

“There were, at the higher part of the gorge, magnificent cascades, and we could have made the journey shorter had we been able to swim up them. Far up, 2,000 or 3,000 feet, we came upon a poor, lonely shrimp in the clear water. Tiny, solitary representative of animal life, one almost felt tempted to cry, ‘Whereunto?’ Yet I have no doubt it had its office, even there, and praised its Maker by its little noiseless life. Yes, we may indeed trust the Creator of all that the silent function of our little lives is not without its reason and its reward.

“At this point we had reluctantly to abandon our long bamboos, so with shorter staves we went on into deeper and darker solitudes.

“The Black Gorge! It was reached. We scarce dared to speak. Man seemed so puny here. The sides of the perpendicular rocks were clothed with verdant mosses, from every fibre of which the waters were distilling, drop by drop, to swell the torrent below. Even in this remote shower bath we could find a lesson to learn. From every mossy parasite the water fell in these single drops into the stream. The stream flowed on, the rocky obstacles only making its contents purer and fresher and stronger, till the thirsty, rainless town of Wailuku felt its

influence and its blessing in a great tide of refreshing and fructifying water. Such are the fountains of all fertility, only drops distilled in secret by lonely hearts, purified by trials and strengthened by adversities, till the stream which is fed by them becomes a river to swim in, and spreads life and blessing over thirsty lands.

“The end of the gorge, beyond which all progress is barred, was marked by a grand waterfall, descending from a height great even above the height at which we stood. With the exultant sense of having achieved the task we had set ourselves, added to the awed charm of standing in such a temple of Nature, we now had to turn our faces homeward for a not less adventurous return.

“Duckings and bruises had by this time lost their novelty, and therefore their charm, so there is nothing particular to chronicle. One by one the articles we had abandoned on the road were recovered, and by the time we regained the horses we were almost dry, and in the best of spirits. We made quite a raid on the guava bushes, and certainly never were guavas more welcome to way-worn travellers, though we could not say thirsty travellers, for we had had water more than enough.

“From this point onwards the war-path lost its romance, unless we could consider our personal appearance as romantic. In spite of our abundant washings in the streams we could scarcely be called presentable, but what did that matter? By-and-bye a thick coating of red dust covered our damp garments, and in this plight—or war-paint—we entered Wailuku, tired, but jubilant, and, for once, with no small appetite for dinner.


CHAPTER VIII.

The King's Jubilee.

KING KALAKAUA I.—A LIBERAL-MINDED SOVEREIGN—RELICS OF SUPERSTITION—A MIDNIGHT PROCESSION—BURYING THE WHITE POWER—THE BIRTHDAY CELEBRATION AT KAHULUI—SPORTS AND RACES—A NATIVE FEAST—THE "JUBILEE" AT HONOLULU—HISTORICAL PROCESSION—LUAU—THE GLORY OF THE HAWAIIAN MONARCHY—THE DEATH OF KALAKAUA—A SAD RETURN—"HIM OF THE LOW, SWEET VOICE"—QUEEN LILIUOKALANI.

"Honolulu,

"Dec. 6th, 1886.

"ALAKAUA I. completed the 50th year of his age on November 10th last. His life has been lived during the most prosperous period of Hawaiian history, and he may be considered a ruler who has advanced the freedom and well-being of his people to a very large extent. His name 'Kalakaua'—'the day of battle,' takes us back to the old intertribal wars which took place before the unification of the kingdom by Kamehameha, but his reign did not begin till sixteen years ago, when the line of Kamehameha failed. Kalakaua, then a popular 'alii' holding a position in the Honolulu Post Office, was elected to the vacant throne chiefly through the American influence. His rival for the crown was the much-loved Queen Emma, widow of

Kamehameha IV., who was supported by the English, but failed to secure any large number of adherents in the Legislature. So Kalakaua was elected, although it was a long time before all the natives became reconciled to his government, and the coronation had on this account to be postponed for some years. But, on the whole, Kalakaua has made a good and liberal-minded sovereign, though his weaknesses have not been few, and his white associates have not always been of the most desirable kind. Of late a strange influence seems to have caused a reaction towards some of the old Hawaiian customs and superstitions, and though it would not be well to credit all the dark rumours which from time to time get afloat in this city, there must be in them sufficient substratum of truth to shew that the King is a little bit tired of his former progressiveness.

“During the last few months *hulas*—native gesture dances of not too refined a character—have been frequent at the palace, and to these white men have not been admitted; *Kahunas*, or native witch-doctors, have surrounded the king, and have received license to practise medicine among the natives, to the great dismay of the legitimate practitioners; various societies of more or less heathen origin have been formed at the palace, such as the *Kikokilo* society; several changes in the cabinet have been made to the increase of the native element; a Bill permitting the sale of opium by a monopoly granted to the highest bidder has been passed through the Legislature, and various other events have occurred which altogether have led to great dissatisfaction among the white residents.

“A few nights ago, at midnight, we were awakened by the strains of a native band proceeding up the valley, and those who took the trouble to look saw a procession of troops with the King and his retinue on the way to the Royal Mausoleum for some most mysterious purpose. The newspapers next day narrated that the King had dreamed that he would die on a certain day, and the *Kahunas* advised him to stave off the calamity by getting rid of the *white power*. To do this the Hawaiian flag had to be taken in procession to the mausoleum, with muffled drum, buried, taken up again, and in this way the *haole* power was supposed to be destroyed, and the royal mind set at ease.

“There is a good deal of such superstition latent in the native mind, and we must not forget that it is only five or six years ago since Princess Ruth went to Hilo, in Hawaii, to stop the lava-flow by a sacrifice of pigs.

“But, after all, is there not a great deal of superstition still among the peasantries of Europe?

“All this, however, is a matter but slightly connected with the birthday celebration, and that is my subject for the present letter.

“The celebration is indeed on a grand scale, and a large appropriation towards the expenses has been made by the Legislature. The King has been for some time engaged in receiving presents, and large calabashes of *Kou* wood have been presented to him from 300 native communities.

“I had the good fortune to share in the festivities in two parts of the Islands, for I came back to Honolulu from Maui while the celebration was at its height.

“On the birthday itself, November 16th, I was at Wailuku, or rather at Kahului, where the preparations of the Maui people were chiefly made. The gathering there, between the sea and the slope of Haleakala, was a most picturesque one, for nearly everybody was on horseback, and in the gayest of garb. The native women looked superb in the long yellow riding-cloak, the *pau* floating far behind in the air, and the men in the brightest of red shirts, all abundantly wreathed, garlanded, and sashed by enormous *leis* of flowers. Some fair Amazons were in uniform, damsels of the body-guard of Princess Liliuokalani. The jangle of tongues was such as one might have heard on the plains of Shinar on the morrow of the confusion of tongues. Hawaiians, Chinese, Japanese, and Portuguese were equally loquacious. The Chinese were mostly on foot, merely as lookers-on, or as the vendors of oranges, water-melons, bananas, and other fruits.

“The programme of the day's entertainment consisted here chiefly of horse-racing and sports. The ‘sports’ included foot races, wheelbarrow races, pie races, and, on the sea, rowing matches, swimming contests, and such ‘extras’ as walking the greasy pole for a pig secured at the end.

“There was in all this plenty of amusement and excitement for the crowd. They cheered the races, especially when a blindfolded wheelbarrow-man demonstrated practically that lines not parallel, if produced far enough, will eventually meet, or when a zealous competitor propelled his barrow into the crowd, and picked up a venerable Chinese lady in his course. They cheered the pie-racers

frantically, as the candidates for glory displayed stupendous voracity, and the enthusiasm rose to its height when the Hawaiians proved themselves victors on the sea over their foreign rivals. It was grand to hear the shouts—‘*na haole mahope*’ (‘white men behind’)—as the black crew shot past the winning post, victors in the struggle.

“At mid-day, the *luau*, or native feast, took place. The ground was strewn with ferns and palm leaves, and all sat down on the lap of nature. An ancient fish-like smell pervaded the atmosphere, and knives and forks were deemed superfluous luxuries. The provender was munificent; calabashes of *poi*, conveyed to the mouth by most dexterous twirl of fingers, fish cooked in *ti*-leaves, pig cooked in the ground, and abundance that was nice, even to European taste, and enjoyable by all.

“The festivities at Honolulu were, of course, on a grander scale, but I missed the first part of them, as it was not till Saturday that I embarked on the *Likelike*, and, after a rather rough passage, rounded once more the crater of Diamond Head, passed under the cocoanut groves of Waikiki, and entered the harbour of Honolulu.

“However, the celebration went on from November 16th to December 2nd, so I saw a good deal and not the least interesting of the many interesting items.

“First among these was the historical procession, immediately preceded by a demonstration of the *Kilokilo* Society mentioned above. About thirty male and sixty female members, clad in their regalia, with white robes and yellow feather-cloaks, took part, attended by the bearers of torches, tabu-sticks, and *Kahilis*. The pro-

cession which then started from the Palace was in the following order:—

“ 1. The Royal Hawaiian military band.

“ 2. The Royal school-boys in military uniform.

“ 3. *Pukanas*—trumpeters—on foot, in gorgeous capes and head-gear of the early days. These parts were taken by Keawehaulu and Kamaeemoku, attended by nine *Ii* and seven *Kukini*, runners of the time of Kamehameha I.

“ 4. The Peleleu, a large double canoe with twelve rowers, attended by two kahili-bearers and fourteen warriors.

“ 5. The Keawenuiauiue, a great double canoe, attended by a retinue similar to that of the last-named.

“ 6. The Kanualii, a single canoe formerly belonging to the King of Kauai, with three paddles.

“ 7. Single canoe, with two old men, Pakaa and Kaupakaa.

“ 8. Maluhiaku, the fishing canoe of Kamehameha I., with four rowers and two fishermen.

“ 9. Royal canoe, with rowers in brilliant feather-cloaks and ancient head-gear.

“ 10. Two fishing canoes with magic sticks—wands to attract the fish—each canoe accompanied by ten rowers.

“ 11. Canoe of Kawelo and Makuahike, with eight rowers and model of the fish, *uhu makaikai*.

“ 12. A canoe of Maui, with model of the fish *puuae*, attended by living representations of mermaids.

“ 13. Car of *hula o healani*, or dancing girls, with ancient instruments of music.

“ 14. Modern aquatic pursuits represented in a barge manned by native boys from the Reformatory School.

" 15. Racing gigs.

" 16. A whale boat with a whale of goodly proportions attached.

" 17. Reformatory School band.

" In the Palace grounds a sham fight took place between two bands of spearmen, headed by their chiefs ; a passage of arms was represented between the occupants of the various canoes, and exhibitions were given of various modes of fishing.

" The next great event was the *luau*. As this was on a grand scale, a large *lanai*, about 300ft. in length, was erected in the Palace grounds, illuminated by electric light, and profusely decorated with flags, shields, and evergreens. A whole ship-load of evergreens and palm-fronds was brought from Waimanalo, and, in the way of provisions, forty hogs were killed and roasted in the earth, while hundreds of chickens, turkeys, and ducks yielded up their lives for the general good. The *lanai* was carpeted with rushes, and, of course, such things as chairs and tables were unknown. At the main entrance waved the Royal Standard, marked by two enormous *Kahilis*, and accompanied on either side by the English Ensign and the Stars and Stripes of the great Republic. Fifteen hundred guests sat down to enjoy the King's hospitality. On either side of the long rows of guests were native girls, in white dresses, with blue silk rosettes, waving *kahilis* over the provisions ; and the Royal School boys, in pink and white uniforms, were enlisted as waiters. The dishes consisted of the usual Hawaiian fare—pig, raw and cooked fish, beef, *papai*—a kind of crab, *limu*—seaweed, *opai*—shrimps, dried cuttlefish, *opelo*, *awa*—an

intoxicating liquor produced from a bitter tasting plant, chickens, *poi*, turkeys, ducks, *taro*, sweet potatoes, bananas, oranges, &c., together with beverages of European use, such as champagne, ale, and soda-water.

"In the evening the Court enjoyed a series of *hula-dances*, which require no description.

"Further on in the week the festivities included a grand ball, a series of historical tableaux, a military review, athletic sports, together with dinners and receptions almost without end.

"All is over at last, and all that has to be done is to pay the bills, which, I suppose, will easily be done this time, as the Government has just borrowed \$5,000,000, and is consequently rather flush of money.

"In fact, everything at present seems to mark the growing glory of the Hawaiian Monarchy. In addition to our invincible army, the King means to have a navy to add to the prestige of his kingdom. By-the-bye, we may almost be said to have colonial possessions now, as a short time ago the Hawaiian flag was hoisted on Ocean Island, an uninhabited rock in the Pacific, without any opposition from the inhabitants, so we may soon expect Kalakaua to be proclaimed 'Emperor of the Pacific.'"

The festivities described in the foregoing letter seemed to mark the climax of King Kalakaua's prosperity and popularity.

From the end of 1886 there was a great decline in the vigour of his rule. Bad ministers and bad associates led to bad political measures and bad personal habits, which soon brought about general dissatisfaction and distrust in

the kingdom. The result of this was shown in the two insurrections of 1887 and 1889, which are referred to elsewhere.

But he did not long outlive his powers of governing, and his death, which took place while away from the kingdom in search of health, had in it many circumstances of melancholy and pathetic interest.

The story is told concisely and well in the following quotation from a resolution passed by the Privy Council, January 29th, 1891 :—

“ After a reign longer than that of any other Sovereign of Hawaii but one, the earthly life of our beloved King Kalakaua was closed at 2.30 o'clock on Tuesday, the 20th day of January, 1891, in San Francisco, California, United States of America.

“ Failing health for some months past made it advisable that he should seek to regain it by a voyage to the more bracing climate of California, and inspired with this hope he left his kingdom in November last. The voyage and change of circumstances at first seemed to benefit him, but at length mortal disease appeared with increased vigour, and he sank to sleep scarce nine days ago in a foreign land. The friendly ship which the Hawaiian people were waiting for with expectant eyes, came this morning, bringing back, not their Sovereign in renewed health, but alas, his lifeless remains. The decorations of loyal affection preparing for his reception are speedily changed into those of mourning, and we meet to-day in the impulse of a common sorrow.

“ The reign of our departed King was memorable as

an era of remarkable and increasing prosperity. In the seventeen years of his reign, now closed, this nation has made rapid strides in its material industries, education, and the arts of civilization.

“ But death comes alike to King and Commoner, and the seventh Sovereign of Hawaii is gone to join the roll of the illustrious dead. We humbly bow to the Will of God.”

When the U.S.S. *Charleston* sailed into the harbour of Honolulu, all gaily decked to welcome back its King, and the sad news spread through the city that that King had come back a corpse, the general grief left in men's minds only the memory of the gracious gentleman whose kindness and dignity had been always at the service of his country, and whom no stranger could meet but to feel in the presence of a true King.

All political faction was hushed in the presence of death. There was no one too exalted to do Kalakaua reverence, and the nation saw how much she owed to the personal exertions of the King for all her commercial and political prosperity.

When the widowed Queen, Kapiolani, took leave of the American officers who had brought the body to its native land, she was much touched by the remark of Admiral Brown that he could never forget the musical beauty of the late King's voice. With the poetic fancy innate in all Hawaiians, she replied, “ From henceforth, when you think of him, call him not Kalakaua, but say “ him of the low, sweet voice.”

Kalakaua I. was buried with great state on February

15th, 1891, another guest in that mausoleum which is so fast filling with the mortal remains of Hawaiian royalty. His sister Liliuokalani reigns in his stead, and follows worthily the best traditions of sovereignty, inspired doubtless by what she saw when in 1887 she was present at the Jubilee of our own gracious Queen.


CHAPTER IX.

The Death and Burial of an "Alii."

OMENS—NATIVE SUPERSTITIONS—PRINCESS LIKELIKE—THE LYING IN STATE—
WAILING—THE DEAD "ALII"—THE FUNERAL—A MOURNFUL PRO-
CESSION—ON THE ROUTE—AT THE MAUSOLEUM—HAWAII'S ROYAL DEAD—
A TEMPEST OF SORROW—"WHY SEEK YE THE LIVING AMONG THE DEAD?"

"Honolulu,

"Feb. 3rd, 1887.

"AST Monday a native paper, the 'Olelo,' declared that the 'White Spirit' had been seen in the sky, a sure sign of the death of an 'alii,' or member of the Royal Family.

"This time, at least, the omen has proved all too true. Our Princess Likelike, daughter of Kapaakea and youngest sister of the King, breathed her last a few hours ago, last night, on the Feast of the Purification of the Blessed Virgin Mary.

"She had not been seriously ill, but the recent lava-flow was to her mind a sure sign that a chiefess was required in the under world. She never rallied, and is now no longer with us. She will be greatly missed, and all hearts go out in sympathy for the bereaved husband and daughter, the little Princess Victoria Kaiulani, only twelve years of age.

"There was a halo round the moon last night, another infallible omen, and the natives looked up at it and gave up hope.

"It is astonishing to what degree these old superstitions have taken possession of the minds of these sensitive children of Nature, and they often bring about their own fulfilment. I am told that the King himself is just now terribly frightened because some rice birds have been seen in the palace, from which seemingly trivial occurrence it is inferred that Chinamen are plotting against his life. Eight years ago Lilihoku heard that someone was praying him to death, and he simply lay down and died of superstitious despair. There is one omen which, it is said, has characterised the last six royal deceases, but which so far has not been suggested in this case. This is the discovery of large numbers of small red fish in the harbour, but it is not too late yet for this to be vouched for. Two years ago Queen Emma was brought from Kohala sick almost to death, the red fish were discovered, and everybody expected the queen to die. Strange to say, however, she recovered, and Princess Pauahi, of the Kamehameha family, died quite suddenly, and thus fulfilled the augury.

"But this is an endless subject, and I must go back to the real theme of my letter.

"Miriam Likelike was born January 13th, 1851, so that she was only 36 at the time of her death. She was educated in the Sisters' School, S. Andrew's Priory, and married the Hon. A. S. Cleghorn in 1870. She has travelled a good deal, and has always been foremost in works of charity among her countrywomen. The first

time I met her was at the Priory, when she was busily engaged in preparing the stalls for the Cathedral Bazaar. No one was more indefatigable than she on the Bazaar day, and she was at home among her own people, presiding at a lunch of pig and *poi* in true Hawaiian style.

"This morning I saw a sight it is impossible adequately to describe. The body was brought from Waikiki to the Palace last night at 11 p.m., and lay in state to-day from 10-30 a.m. to 2 p.m.

"The soldiers were all ordered out, and all Government offices and schools were closed. The Palace gates were draped in black, which is never, it is said, taken down, but allowed to perish piecemeal. Entering at the gates a sound reaches your ears, a sound not to be described, though never to be forgotten, the wail unutterably plaintive of women weeping for their dead, the 'loud wulwulleh' of the 'Bride of Abydos,' the yet older wail which Jesus heard in the house of Jairus. With the long-drawn 'auwe' in your ears you pass between files of soldiers and reach the imposing flight of steps leading up to the Iolani Palace. All the massive columns are now draped in crape, and a long white cloth guides the steps towards the throne-room.

"It is a sight to make one dumb.

"In the centre rises a high bier over which is spread one of the famous cloaks of red and yellow feathers. Thereon, like a recumbent marble statue, lies the dead 'alii.'

"Beautiful in death, almost more so than in life, she lies. Her illness has been too short to play havoc with her beauty. You see her,

"'Before decay's effacing fingers,
Have swept the lines where beauty lingers.'

Her dark hair lies on the white satin pillow, and her long robe or *holuku* of white satin which sweeps the ground is only adorned with the blue order of Hawaiian royalty, and that mark of a royalty higher still, the Crucifix. Behind her head lies the coronet on its blue silk cushion, exchanged now for an incorruptible crown.

"At the four corners of the bier stand massive candelabra and enormous *kahilis*. These are the large feather brushes, not black, like our funeral plumes, but bright and varicoloured, which in this land are used as the emblems of royalty. On each side are three *kahili*-bearers in yellow feather cloaks, waving their *kahilis* slowly and rhythmically over the body. Then, outside, is the ring of soldiers on guard. At the head of the corpse sits the Queen, the Princess Liliuokalani, and General Dominis, who will in time make way for other mourners to take their place, and all along the side sit the Premier and other high Ministers of State. Most pathetic of all in the sad scene is a young girl standing close at the head of the body waving a small *kahili* over the marble features. The girl's eyes are streaming with tears, and there is a grief in her silent weeping which forms the greatest possible contrast to the passionate lamentations of the noisy multitude without. Women come through the throne-room in streams. They fling their arms in the air, tear their dishevelled hair, and utter their 'auwe' with blood-curdling screams. They crowd the Palace courts, keeping up their dirge for hours, every atom of self-control abandoned, dead to everything but the public

manifestation of their mourning. Oh! (one thought) for One to come into the death-chamber to say, 'Peace, be still;' to come, as He came into the house of Jairus of old, and bid them cease their idle lamentation, with the calm rebuke, 'She is not dead but sleepeth.'

"I turned with relief from the noisy passion of the crowd to the sweet peace of the central figure, who slept on undisturbed by the popular passion. Yes! if that Cross means anything at all it means, 'She is not dead, but sleepeth.' She is at rest.

"The funeral will not take place for several weeks. There are elaborate preparations to make. The body is to be embalmed and enclosed in a leaden coffin, while a superb sarcophagus of native woods is being prepared. Moreover, all the *kahilis* have to be made up afresh for the funeral. I hope in a future letter to be able to give some description of the last sad offices we have to render to our illustrious dead."

"March 2nd, 1887.

"The royal funeral is now over, and I suppose I can choose no better subject for my present letter than the last sad rites over H.R.H. Miriam Kekauluohi Keahilapalapa Kapili Likelike.

"Last Sunday, nearly a month from the day of her death (Feb. 2nd), was selected for the funeral ceremony, and so plenty of time was allowed for the elaborate preparations deemed necessary, and for the natives to assemble from the other islands.

"During this time the deceased 'alii' has been lying in the throne room, preserved in alcohol, whilst the coffin was being made. This was a splendid construction of

native woods—*koa*, *kou*, &c.—and consisted of 446 pieces. The plate and crown were most beautifully worked in silver, and the pall was of the richest black silk velvet, lined with white satin and ornamented with silver cord and fringe.

"Considerable time, too, had to be devoted to the making of the *kahilis*, or feather plumes, which appear in such numbers on these occasions. Night and day these were waved over the body by the attendant *konohikis*, who were otherwise as motionless as statues around the catafalque.

"Every morning a short service was held in the throne room, at which most of the royal family would be present.

"At last all the arrangements were perfect, and Sunday happily turned out a very fine day, no rain and not too much sun. This, however, to the natives, was not a matter of such good omen as it was to us, for they prefer the heavens to weep so copiously that the ceremony has to be put off. Such was the case at the last two royal funerals, but this time the manifestation of celestial grief was wanting, and Sunday was a radiantly fine day.

"We did not object in the least. The sun was of course rather hot, but its rays were tempered in some degree by the roads being covered with black volcanic sand, and well watered just before the procession started.

"The former part of the funeral service took place in the throne room at 1 p.m. It was a magnificent and deeply impressive sight. In the centre was the coffin, covered with the beautiful velvet pall, and resting on a raised bier. The coronet, jewels, and orders of the deceased were laid on the coffin, and at the foot were

immense wreaths and crosses of flowers. Stately candelabra stood at the head, and a crucifix at the foot.

"At the upper end of the room, on a dais, sat the King and Queen, and Princesses Liliuokalani and Poomaikelani. The chief mourners, the Hon. A. S. Cleghorn and Princess Kaiulani, sat at the head of the coffin, while on either side were ranged the *kahili*-bearers waving their enormous plumes across the body. At the foot we, the four clergy of the Anglican Church, were placed, the Bishop in the centre. The rest of the space in the throne room was crowded by an assemblage of officers in gorgeous uniforms, ministers of state, members of the diplomatic bodies in court dress, high officials of the kingdom, and ladies attired for the most part in simple black or white.

"The Bishop read the Service, and the music was rendered very plaintively and impressively by a native choir, together with a portion of the Cathedral choir.

"Then, while the Dead March in 'Saul' wailed forth from the organ, the procession began to form. It would be impossible to describe this in detail, as it extended fully two miles in length, and took two hours from the time of leaving the Palace to reach the Royal Mausoleum. The whole army of Hawaii was present, and four bands of music were placed at intervals in the long stream winding its way up the valley. All the fire brigade companies were there in uniform, the Volunteers, the various schools in their distinctive dresses, and clubs and societies too numerous even to mention, each with its particular insignia, *leis*, and sashes.

"The most imposing part of the procession was towards the middle, where the catafalque, containing the

coffin, was being drawn along. Immediately in front was the place reserved for the clergy. The Protestant clergy were placed in front; then came the clergy of the Roman Church, with the Bishop of Olba; lastly the Anglican clergy, who were in charge of the funeral rites.

"Behind us came a hundred natives with yellow feather cloaks, who drew the catafalque by means of long, twisted black and white ropes. This part of the procession was flanked by an immense number of *kahilis* of every size and colour. Then two 'alii,' bearing the coronet and jewels on silken cushions, followed close behind the coffin. On each side of the coffin itself were four parallel rows of cavalry, bearers of large *kahilis*, bearers of small *kahilis*, and pall-bearers.

"After this came more than a mile's length of carriages containing the mourners, officials, and the general public.

"The start was signalled by a flag hoisted from the Palace turret, to which an immediate response was given by the roar of cannon from the top of Punchbowl. Minute guns were then fired until the Mausoleum was reached.

"There was an immense crowd of spectators along the whole route. In some places nine-tenths were Chinese, who gazed with unexpressive mien or with half-amused interest at the display. But it was very different when we got more amongst the Hawaiian part of the population. The wail was taken up on all sides by the women, and responded to by the native societies included in the procession. Every now and then a native *kahuna* would spring forth from the crowd and begin a long, extempore chant or *mele*, weird and dirge-like, celebrating the virtues of the deceased, and lamenting her untimely fate. 'Only

two more to wail for,' was the burden of the song of some of them.

"Even under the mournful circumstances I could not help being a little amused to see, every now and then, a native woman slip out of the procession, sit down on the road, take off her boots and stockings, and rejoin the array with a joyous sense of relief. It is fashionable to wear boots on grand occasions, and, as in most cases, fashion has its penalties, but the Hawaiian women show themselves braver than some of their sex in refusing, for any length of time at least, to yield to the demands of fashion at the expense of comfort.

"Higher up the Nuuanu Valley the throng was mostly Portuguese, but natives were still in great force. You could now look both in front and behind, and see the long, serpent-like procession, apparently without either beginning or end, struggling slowly up the slope. It was very picturesque, and not at all gloomy—here a batch of white uniforms, a school or a regiment of soldiers; there the dark blue of the S. Louis College boys, or the naval uniforms of the Reformatory School, officers in brilliant scarlet careering backwards and forwards everywhere, and brightest of all the barbaric splendour of the *kahilis* around the coffin.

"It may be imagined that we were all rather tired and hot when we reached the cemetery.

"Then all the first part of the procession made a long lane on either side, the other clergy turned aside, and we led the way to the Mausoleum, where the King stood alone at the open door to receive his dead sister.

"Then rose the wailing like a tempest. It was con-

tagious. It spread to every native, ignorant or educated, civilized or barbaric. There is no describing it; it was like nothing else on earth, but full of the wild reinless grief of children, full of the impetuous language of despair.

"Only a few were admitted into the Mausoleum, and for a few minutes we, the clergy, were all alone among the generations of Hawaii's royal dead. All the kings, with the exception of Kamehameha I. and Lunalilo, are there, or said to be there, for the bones of some of them had to be discovered by means of sorcery. This means, in this instance, that recourse was had to the sagacity of inspired swine, commissioned to decide the distinction between royal bones and those of humbler folk.

"The number of coffins seemed very great, and the last deposited—that of Queen Emma—awakened strange wonderings about the 'might have been.'

"The Royal Family then took up their positions on the right side, a few cabinet ministers and royal attendants stood by the door, the *konohikis* continued their waving as they sang 'The Lord is my Shepherd' to a plaintive chant, and the Bishop and clergy stood at the foot.

"And all the time, while everything was so calm and still within, the wild lamentation of the outside multitude came through the grated windows like a flood, a horrible intrusion of heathenish despair into the chamber of resurrection hope.

"When I went out to get a handful of black sand for the last sad rite, the committal to the earth, the tempest of sorrow rose nearly to a yell, and, going back, how

beautiful it was to hear our dear old Church prayers among the dust of barbarian kings.

"By half-past four all was over. The *kahilis* were deposited, the cannon roared their last tribute to the general mourning, the procession departed from the cemetery, and the mourners scattered.

"Poor little Princess Kaiulani, she looked so tired in the Mausoleum, a slight little white figure amid the heavy crape of the other royal ladies. It was too much, it was cruel, to keep a child watching by the coffin of her mother for four long drear weeks.

"'Why seek ye the living among the dead?' is a question angel voices ever ask of earth's mourners. Look not downwards, but upwards, for the fostering love which has fled from this earth. The rest in Paradise is a more fitting place in which to seek our dear ones than any earthly coffin, however grand it be, however costly its velvet and its jewels."


CHAPTER X.

Chinese Work and Chinese Ways.

MY FIRST CHINESE SERVICE—A PICTURESQUE CONGREGATION—THE
“CHURCH”—CHINESE FESTIVALS—THE UE PING—THE SEVEN SIS-
TERS—“GO UP HIGHER”—THE WAYS OF CHINESE SERVANTS—THE
ADVANTAGES OF ADVERTISING—A CHINESE FUNERAL—PALM SUNDAY,
1887—CHINA AND THE CHINESE FOR CHRIST—THE OPIUM TRAFFIC.

“Honolulu,

“October, 1886.

“HE happiest day I spent here before going down to Wailuku was the Sunday I took my first Chinese Service. Some Chinese Christians came down on Saturday, September 18th, from Kohaha, and Mr. Whalley wished me to look after them. The Bishop was away, so it was arranged that I should do what I could for them. On Saturday afternoon I went down Liliha Street and paid them a visit, suggesting at the same time a service on the morrow. With this they were well pleased. Mrs. Yap Sarah could speak English a little, so it was to her that I addressed myself.

“In the evening I went out to look up some more Chinese who would be likely to come, if asked. I visited Mrs. Emily Ah Moy and had the pleasure of being introduced to her family, consisting of Hannah, Rachel, and

Joseph. Apropos of Rachel, I may say that he—for Rachel is a boy—was so named under the mistaken idea that he was of the gentler sex, and the sponsor who named him did not discover her mistake till some time after the baptism. So Rachel Ah Moy must bear the burden of a feminine appellation for the rest of his days.

“ Well, on Sunday morning, at 9 a.m., I put a Chinese Prayer-book (as big as a family Bible) under my arm, and went down to Liliha Street. All were there to welcome me—Mrs. Chang Lucy, Mrs. Yap Ten Shin, Mrs. Fu Yee Pio, Ho Moo En, and several others whose names I did not catch. I recognised also Mr. Ah Moy and Mr. Kim Cha, the interpreter, and there were beside four or five children.

“ Dear little Chinese children ! Celestials indeed ! They looked like wax, with their dimpleless, impassive faces, but their dresses were most elaborate and beyond the power of any male creature to describe. Beaded head-dresses coming over the forehead, heavy silver anklets and bracelets, little scarlet trousers or petticoats, all most ornamental and gorgeous to behold. The women were still more attractively arrayed, their hair powdered with silver and with hair jewels of most fantastic design, anklets, bracelets, rings, earrings, and the daintiest of flowered silk dresses. The men had their pigtails down, and were as genial as possible, for a Chinaman can show very engaging manners when he pleases.

“ Our Church was a ‘ store,’ or shop as we should say in England. Boards were laid across barrels of taro-flour, a chair was provided for me, the little shanty was quite crowded, and, it is needless to add, very hot.

“I had chosen the prayers before, and Ah Moy interpreted them, also reading the lesson. Then I gave an address on the Fatherhood of God and our childhood—the childhood He longs for us to recognize—and how we ought to realise and live up to the glorious relationship. Kim Cha interpreted for me, and very well, as it seemed, for his language was vigorously delivered, and his gesticulations animated and intelligent, while the congregation remained throughout reverent and attentive. Then we had some more prayers and the service was concluded. I shall never forget the bright, happy expression of the faces of these people. Who says that Christianity makes no difference to the brightness of this life? If there are such, I should like them to contrast the hard, cold look of the heathen Chinaman with the brightness which I saw here irradiating the countenances of their Christian countrymen.

“A few days ago all the Chinese part of the population was busy keeping the ‘Ue Ping’—the feast of the loaves and the moon. It was done by exchanging little cakes and by letting off fireworks. The ‘Ue Ping’ is a very ancient festival connected with the full moon, but also utilized to commemorate the fall of the Tartar dynasty on the 15th day of the 8th moon, 1368. On that day a certain missive was concealed in the festival cakes and so sent abroad through the land. At nightfall the Mongol soldiery was slaughtered, and the Tartar rule for the time was at an end.

“Just now another feast is being celebrated, called the Feast of the Seven Sisters (the Pleiades). The custom during this feast is for the young women to spread out

their needlework, and the young men to come in and inspect it. Then the industrious damsels sit up all night, and the power of the gods is supposed to come upon one of them, endowing her with skill in needlework. It may be needless to add that the invariable result is that the fortunate one gets a husband as well, for among the Chinese the husband likes a wife who can sew.

“At a Chinese feast the men sit at meat in one house, the women in another. Chinese custom is averse to the mingling of the sexes at a banquet. The guest on entering always takes the lowest place, but the master of the feast invites him to ‘go up higher.’ Then ensues a lengthy delay, each guest modestly refusing to advance higher till *very* much pressed. At length all are seated, and then the word is ‘chop-sticks.’

“I have seen something of Chinese servants lately, and, as servants, like them immensely. They require some teaching at first, but once put in the right groove they are as regular as clockwork. A man engaged himself to a friend of mine the other day in this wise. He came to the garden fence, peered over, and asked with a bland smile—

“‘Want man workee?’

“*Mr. W.* : ‘Workee you?’

“*Chinaman* : ‘Me workee you. How muchee piecee dollar?’

“*Mr. W.* : ‘One, two, three dollar week.’

“The arrangement was accepted, and he was told to come the next day. He went a few steps, then his scepticism bade him return to ask with a confidential grin, ‘You no lie?’ Reassured, he went away and

returned to commence his work the next morning. He began by putting the horse's saddle on front part behind, the bit under the horse's chin, and the chin strap tight round the throat. The horse, not unnaturally, resented this mode of strangulation, so Ah Hing procured the bread-knife to effect a release. On the master coming to the scene of conflict, John Chinaman gave utterance to his sentiments in the complacent remark, '*This horse too muchee foolee.*'

"A great thing about the Chinese servant is his independence. He will do things well for the most part his own way, but he resents interference. It is seldom that he will obey more than one master, and if there are a husband and wife in the household they have to settle between them which is to be master, for the Chinaman hates the idea of being ordered about by both. Very often a good cook will think himself absolved from obeying either, and has a strong inclination to look upon the kitchen as his own castle, into which no one must intrude. 'You come in, Misse, I go,' has been said more than once to the mistress venturing to look in at her own kitchen.

"An amusing thing happened the other day, so I hear, through dabbling in Chinese. There are two rival wine-shops in Honolulu, kept by Mr. A. and Mr. B. Mr. A. bethought himself of getting additional custom by vaunting a sign in Chinese, detailing the fame of his liquors. He got the sign painted, but, strange to say, noticed the very reverse of an increase of trade from his enterprise, and was sorely puzzled thereat, till a curious individual took the trouble to obtain a genuine translation of the

sign. It turned out to be something like this. 'Mr. A. got no good wine. All people go to Mr. B.' Thus Mr. A. had been advertising for his rival."

"May 2nd, 1887.

"Palm Sunday, 1887, will ever be remembered by me with feelings of especial gratitude, and, together with the Holy Week and Easter Sunday, will form a red-letter period in the history of the Church's work in Honolulu, for it has seen the formation of the first Chinese congregation in communion with the Anglican Church in Honolulu.

"Honolulu, as you remember, is deluged with Celestials. They are essentially the working class of the country; their industry is everywhere manifest in the sugar-plantations, rice-fields, taro-patches, and the neatly terraced gardens which cover the slopes of the mountains, in some places almost to their summits. There are whole streets of Chinese stores, with their quaint balconies, picturesque signs, their emblems of idolatry, and their horrible smells. On every hand you see them at work, often far into the night, as tailors, shoemakers, carpenters, or laundrymen. At every turn of the street they are in evidence—staid and unemotional merchants riding in their carriages, shrewd and clever lawyers, artisans with their pigtailed curled neatly round their heads, gardeners, fruiterers, itinerant vendors of every kind, with enormous baskets across their shoulders on a pole. They go up into the mountains at night, and come back in the early morning to dispose of strawberries, bananas, tomatoes, guavas, or sweet potatoes. They are

in every house as cooks and stewards, in every stable as yardmen and grooms. They make but little noise except at their festivals, when they indulge in large displays of fireworks; and at New Year's time, when they take a thorough-going and well-earned holiday. Nothing is more remarkable than their quietness, sobriety, and industry. They spend little money in Honolulu, but when they have saved enough go back, if possible, to China, where they desire to lay their bones at last. They have their guilds, their societies, their fire brigade, their theatre, and their joss-houses. The societies maintain a wonderful—if somewhat tyrannic—influence, and keep a perfect control over the labour market. The theatre is not often open, but when a play does begin—generally a play of an historical character—it goes on for a very long time. There are no actresses, and the music is of a very stereotyped kind—one kind of instrument heralding the approach of a king, another the beginning of a love scene, and so on. The old Emperors of China were careful not to allow too ravishing music, in the interest of their people's morals.

“The joss-houses are chiefly patronized as places of resort and gossip, but I do not yet know them well enough to be able to give a proper description. The altars are beautifully decked, but the idols are hideous. Almost every house has its tutelary deity, perhaps only a tinsel thing of gold or red paper, but worship is often offered before the household shrine. The Chinese are very punctilious, as a rule, with regard to their religious duties—put their idol up in the best part of the house, and sometimes, I am told, even when very ill, will get up

at 4 a.m. to burn their red paper and incense. Ancestor worship is very prevalent, and great offerings are made at the graves of the departed.

"I met a Chinese heathen funeral only yesterday, with the modernizations of hearse and mourning coaches. There was the usual scattering of paper and veiling of the women. The paper scattered consisted of white slips marked with a few cuts, and it is strewed in the way as paper money to appease the devils in pursuit of the deceased, and to prevent them from meddling with the body when it is laid in the grave.

"But I must not write more now on the customs of the Chinese, as I want to tell you about Palm Sunday, 1887.

"Palm Sunday, 1886, was a disastrous day for the Chinese of Honolulu. Sixty-six acres of streets and houses were swept bare by fire, and though the indomitable industry of the people has largely repaired the mischief yet it was a day not easily to be forgotten.

"Palm Sunday, 1887, has witnessed the birth of a Christian congregation, in communion with our Church, and under my own immediate care. The American Board of Missions (Congregational) has worked hard among the Chinese here for many years, and I could not speak too highly of the devoted work of Mr. Frank Damon and his wife, both of whom speak Chinese most fluently. But it has always seemed a pity that the Anglican Church should have begun no work of this kind in Honolulu. To the Rev. H. F. E. Whalley of Kohala, on Hawaii, belongs the credit of forming the first Church congregation of Chinese in the islands, and the little band at Kohala has given us much encouragement. As I came

to the islands with a special view to Chinese work, in my leisure between other duties, I have set myself to looking about for a way to begin, and have succeeded in finding up several members of our Church from Hong-Kong and from Demerara. Several converts of the Bâsle and Berlin Missions (Lutheran) also expressed a wish to connect themselves with us, so I began by holding service in a little store on one of the roads outside Honolulu, where we sat together on flour sacks, potato barrels, and anything else we could find. Since then we have been able to hold (through interpreter, chiefly,) regular services in the Cathedral, when that building was not being used for other services.

“The results have been slow but very satisfactory. By Palm Sunday I had seven men ready for Confirmation, and these, with the exception of one who was ill, were all confirmed by the Bishop on the afternoon of that day. By Easter Sunday a portion of the old building, used for twenty years as a pro-Cathedral, was fitted up with a new altar and other furniture, and made a charming little Church—at least for the present. It was beautifully decorated by the Sisters and other kind friends, and, at 7.30 on Sunday morning, we had the first Chinese celebration of Holy Communion ever held in Honolulu. The Bishop celebrated, I assisted, Ball Yung read parts of the service in Chinese, and we said the words of Administration in Chinese. We had twelve communicants, a very satisfactory commencement of what we hope will one day be a good-sized congregation.

“In the afternoon I had about fifty Chinamen at the service, and since then the services have kept up wonder-

fully. Several heathen are regular attendants, four I am preparing for baptism, and they are making satisfactory progress. I am now anxious to get a good Chinese lay-reader and the funds wherewith to pay him, and, as I am learning the Hakkha dialect of Chinese, I hope soon to be more useful myself."

I shall have more to say about the work among the Chinese in one or two succeeding letters, but I may as well occupy the rest of this chapter with two or three reflections which in this connection may seem not altogether out of place.

It is a mistake to believe that the Chinaman, because he is so conservative, is not open to receive the truth of Christianity. The comparison drawn between the Chinese and the Japanese to the depreciation of the former is very misleading. The extreme openness of the Japanese to new impressions often takes the form of an utter irreverence towards the former laws, religion, customs, dress, and even language of their country, which is about as bad a sign in a nation as can well be. The charming politeness of the Japanese too often is but a thin veneer over an impenetrable insincerity, and the products of civilized and occidentalized Japan are more often supercilious agnostics than men ready to lay heart and life at the feet of Christ. I do not say this with any desire to undervalue the wonderful capacity the Japanese have for Christianity—if only they do not give their minds over to false ideals of national progress, but rather to point out that the signs of adaptability to Christianity are not always on the surface. The Chinaman is a

hundredfold less humanly attractive, but I am convinced, and most competent observers confirm my opinion, that he has a power of *character* behind his unimpressive exterior which makes him just the man Christ wants to make the Gospel of the Kingdom still more victorious over the hearts of men.

Dogged perseverance, immense capacity for suffering—in this resembling the Jew—strong parental love, rooted habits of obedience, unwearying industry and contempt of death, make them, as a race, certain to have something, under God, to do in the future history of humanity. When emancipated spiritually from the hard heathen despair which for so many centuries has pulled them back from the heights they might have won, even under Confucius, Mencius, or Lao Tsze—when taught that there is a Way by Whom personal man can hold close communion with a personal God, and yet be unconsumed—there will be such a forward movement in the application of Christian principles to human conduct as the world has never yet seen.

As Christians, too, their natural love of money seems turned into most splendid liberality in the support of the Church. When our number of communicants was only a little over thirty, and these some of the poorest men in the land, I could write that they were contributing \$300 towards the expenses of the Mission, beside that which was given in the weekly offertory, and that which was being collected for the Church Building Fund. Other instances of this generosity may be mentioned later on.

But China, like all things worth winning, will have to be won by great tribulation. The law of antagonism

holds good here to a certainty. Converting the Chinese is not easy work. There is no coming over as a nation, as was the case with the Hawaiian natives. Converts come not by thousands or by hundreds, but one by one, and were it not that results are measured, not by the number, but by the character of those brought over, they might indeed appear disappointing. It is a case of individual by individual wrestled with and prayed over, ay, struggling too himself with himself and difficulties unknown to us, till the natural man is subdued to the power of Christ. Thenceforth you have a man stanch and strong and waxing stronger, ready to die for the faith he has adopted.

I shall have occasion later on to mention some of our difficulties, such as indifference, secret societies, heathenism, and family ties, but I cannot help saying here one brief word on the difficulty which arises from the sale of opium, the more especially since it is—because at a distance from us—a difficulty which has not yet touched the national conscience as it should do.

Happily, in Honolulu the sale of opium is not permitted, but unhappily, through gross negligence somewhere, its use is as common as possible. It can sometimes be bought for 25 cents a lb., and hardly a month elapses without a number of tins being discovered on some of our English or American vessels. It is most rare, however, for the smugglers to be caught, and it sometimes seems that the law making the sale of opium illegal might just as well be repealed for all the good it does. In 1886 there was passed a law allowing opium to be sold by a monopoly granted to the highest bidder. This was

happily declared to be unconstitutional, but, as I have said, the opium habit is only too common, thanks to the cupidity of merchants who do not realise that the place of a merchant in the state is, not to make money for himself, but to supply good merchandise and *therefore* receive the reward.

On the general question, I may be pardoned for quoting here an extract from an address delivered not long ago in Melbourne by Mr. Cheok Hong Cheong :—

“When opium was introduced into China by the East India Company, the reigning Emperor tried in vain to prevent it. He enacted laws prohibiting its importation, sale, and use. But the English merchants, with their smuggling vessels known as ‘fast crabs’ and ‘scrambling dragons,’ defied the Imperial edict. The melancholy spectacle of his own sons dying early victims to the opium habit roused the Emperor to a still more vigorous policy. High-Commissioner Liu was invested with absolute power in dealing with the illegal traffic. The principal merchants in Canton engaged in the illicit traffic tried to procure a relaxation of Liu’s policy of prohibition by enticing his son into that use of the drug which had been forbidden on penalty of death. He was caught in the act, and was condemned to instant execution. The tears of both wife and mother availed not to save the young man’s life. Such stern sacrifice to duty struck terror into the people.

“But the English Government interfered, and at the point of the bayonet and with the weighty arguments of victorious cannon, compelled the payment of indemnity to the smugglers, as well as the whole cost of ‘the opium

war.' Yet the demand upon the Chinese that they should legalise the traffic was refused in that noble reply of the Chinese Emperor, 'It is true I cannot prevent the introduction of the flowing poison. Gain-seeking and corrupt men will for profit and sensuality defeat my wishes, but nothing will induce me to derive a revenue from the vice and misery of my people.' For the last thirty years protest after protest has been addressed to the English Government, but the crushing reply has come back again and again, 'We can't afford it.'"


CHAPTER XI.

A Holiday on Maui and Lanai.

HOLIDAY LIFE AT LAHAINA—THE HISTORIC INTEREST OF MAUI—THE HAWAIIAN BALACLAVA—LAHAINA—CHINESE SERVANTS—KAUWAULA VALLEY—PRICKLY PEARS—THE ORANGE GROVE—A VISIT TO LANAI—A HAUNTED ISLAND—CROSSING THE CHANNEL WITH KAPOIKI—BETWEEN FOUR ISLANDS—THE RIDE TO KOELE—A SHEEP RANCHE—TURKEY HUNTING—NATIVE LIFE ON LANAI—"PLENTY MORE HUSBANDS COME ALONG"—FISH—ATTEMPTED CROSSING TO LAHAINA—TOO MUCH SURF—RETURN TO KOELE—SAFE CROSSING AT LAST—A NARROW ESCAPE.

"Lahaina,

"Sept. 7th, 1887.

" AM having a longer holiday than I expected, as the boat which brought me from Lanai last Friday was unable to cross then, and so I could not catch Saturday's steamer for Honolulu.

"I have had a most delightful holiday, and am so sunburned you would hardly know me. All the skin has come off my back and shoulders and wrists, and my nose looks very far gone under the inroads of a tropical sun. You must not imagine any great energy in this climate, even in holiday-making, and to tell the truth, very much of my stay at Lahaina has been a *dolce far niente*. The programme has been plenty of eating and sleeping, read-

ing what Goethe calls the 'literature of desperation,' riding up all the beautiful valleys and gulches, and last, but by no means least, bathing and boating within the coral reef on which the waves are ceaselessly rolling.

"I don't know which is loveliest here, sea or sky or landscape. The mountains never look the same at two different hours of the day. They are always changing their hue, only to add loveliness to loveliness. I have seen some faces like that, ever reflecting the varying phases of feeling in the heart.

"Moreover, we have here not only natural beauty, but plenty of historic interest, an interest not less intrinsically than that attaching to any country of the old world. The Pacific has had its 'Napoleon' and its 'Napoleonic' wars no less than Europe.

"Maui, so called from being 'broken' almost into two parts connected by a narrow isthmus, was the scene of many of the old contests between the rival kings of the Hawaiian group before the supremacy of the first Kamehameha was established. On the sandhills near Wailuku took place a veritable Hawaiian Balaclava. All *la haute noblesse* of Hawaii was gathered together under Kalaniopuu, and 800 of the best were sent out to do battle with his rival Keliikili. Only two returned, only one was taken prisoner, and he died of his wounds before he could be sacrificed at the *heiau*. This was in 1776; it was a bloody conflict, and ended in the submission of the *alii* Kalaniopuu. An embassy was sent to the victor, who, Hawaiian like, did not take the trouble to rise from his mat, but simply turned over on his back. This was the sign of clemency;

the rule was, *iluna ke alo*—‘face upwards’—life; *ilalo ke alo*—‘face downwards’—death.

“There is more than one valley, too, which is a real ‘valley of dry bones,’ attesting the victorious career of the great Kamehameha.

“Hawaiian history—using the word ‘history’ in its strict sense—seems all crowded into a century. Only nine years ago there died here in Lahaina one of the three children who ate the heart of Captain Cook at Kealakekua Bay. It was not an act of intentional cannibalism, however, as the heart seems to have been mistaken for that of a dog.

“Lahaina is one of the hottest places in the islands. It is much smaller than it was formerly, as it has lost much of the importance it possessed as the centre of the North Pacific whale fishery. It is now kept alive by the extensive sugar plantations which are among the most productive in the whole group. On one plantation here the cane has been cut for six years in succession without replanting. The labourers are mostly Japanese and Chinese coolies with a few natives and South Sea islanders.

“It is significant that while the Chinese are paid monthly, the natives have to be paid by the week. Even under this arrangement many of the latter are bankrupt ere the week is half over. This is true to the Hawaiian character exactly. Happy creature! he in no sense answers to Shelley’s description of man—

“ ‘We look before and after,
And pine for what is not.’

He takes life as it comes, and looks no further ahead than the pleasure of the passing hour.

“Many of the Chinese here are in domestic service, in which position the ‘paké’ is certainly *facile princeps*. As he is sometimes supposed to be less truthful than the average man, I may here mention an instance which shows that he is sometimes all too frank in his truthfulness. The other day a Chinaman answered the enquiry for his mistress, not with the conventional ‘Not at home’ which serves in England for an excuse, but with the smiling remark, ‘Missee drink too muchee gin.’ This speaks volumes, for gin, as you know, is to a great extent the national beverage, especially a kind of peculiar quality known as ‘sandpaper’ gin.

“From Lahaina numerous gulches run up into the heart of the island.

“A description of one will do for almost any. They are all surpassingly beautiful, and the ride up is a journey into a land of delicious coolness, a wilderness of flowers and fruits, a paradise of ferns, a land of rushing waters.

“We rode up Kauwaula Valley the other day, and before the time of our return felt well repaid.

“Just out of Lahaina the scenery was just such as is depicted in views of Palestine. Enormous boulders of stone, perpetually recurring streamlets or dry torrent beds, low scraggy bushes, clumps of *kukui* or candlenut tree with silvery foliage—all make a picturesque foreground for the magnificent mountains illuminated with all the glory of Hawaiian sunlight. The sense of wildness is enhanced by the masses of prickly pear, trees in girth, with their red fruit and broad, prickly leaves, if you can call them leaves. Woe be to the novice who tries to pluck the fruit so tempting to the eye. There are in-

visible spines on the harmless-looking surface which will make the offending hand smart for hours. Yet the fruit is very grateful to the taste, but you must first of all knock them down, roll them over and over in the grass with your foot, carefully cut open, and eat with as little contact with the rind as you can manage. The fleshy part is of a deep magenta colour, and very luscious. The juice squirts out in a stream like the blood from a cut artery, and the thick leaves of the cactus itself contain a large quantity of water, sometimes in periods of drought to the salvation of the horses and cattle.

“Horses here climb like goats, or there would be but little chance of getting up the valley, but it is often difficult to induce them to cross the streams. At one place we had nearly half an hour's struggle with one of the horses, ending victoriously for the rider. Far up the valley the soil on either side of the streams is cultivated, and there is many a crop of sweet potato and many a taro patch to gladden the eye of the industrious Chinaman. At one place B.'s horse, to avoid a stream, plunged quite into one of these taro patches, B. just escaping a ducking by slipping off on the other side.

“After a while we leave all traces of cultivation behind, and get almost submerged in a thick growth of guavas, figs, oranges, and citrons. The dark leaves of the orange tree form a peculiar contrast to the general colour of the vegetation, but the fruit, if a little sour, is very welcome. Now and then, for a change, we get a dense jungle of castor-oil bushes with their broad leaves and bunches of prickly berries, or of ginger, with its fragrant red and yellow flowers. In one place some natives are gathering *pala*

pala, ferns, with which to form a table covering for some *luan*, or feast.

“At last our destination is reached, a large clump of orange trees, beneath which are encamped some Lahaina friends. A little further up we had a deliciously cool bath under a small cataract, then we returned to the orange grove and had dinner, cooked gipsy fashion, on a huge boulder of stone.

“We returned home in time to see the sunset in the sea—all the sky between Lanai and Molokai flushed with crimson, while the islands themselves lay wrapped in almost sable cloud.

“Carlyle’s grandfather used to say, so we are told, ‘Vaary the schane,’ so last week I thought I would follow that advice by accepting an invitation to Lanai, a little-visited island about twelve miles west from Maui, belonging to the ex-Premier, Mr. Gibson.

“In old times Kakaalaneo ruled over Maui and Lanai and held his court at Lahaina, then called Lele. He was the first to plant the bread-fruit tree which now flourishes here so well, and for this reason alone deserves to be gratefully remembered. One of the royal princes played great pranks in his father’s court, and for this reason was banished to Lanai, which was then terribly haunted by ghosts and goblins—*akua ino*. The exile exorcised the island, and on this account was restored to his father’s favour.

“I don’t know whether the *akua ino* have returned or not, but they certainly permitted me a week of the most unalloyed enjoyment.

“The means of transit between the islands was a

small whale-boat, propelled by oar or wind as was most convenient, large enough to accommodate seven or eight individuals. The captain's name was Kaopoiki, which means 'small stomach,' an appellation scarcely suitable in this instance, though it is only fair to add he was a big man from head to foot. Indeed, he is famous for physique throughout the islands, and the bronze statue of Kamehameha I., in front of the Government Buildings, is said to have been modelled from him. He carried me to the boat in his arms, with my luggage, the latter chiefly consisting of a bottle of cold tea, a comb, and a toothbrush. This safely deposited, the conches were sounded, a few strokes of the oars took us beyond the white line of the reef, then sails were hoisted, and our voyage was begun.

"For a while we skirted along the coast of Maui, till, through the Molokai channel, the trade wind came rushing to our aid. Then our tiny craft ran before the wind like one of the flying fish which leaped around us. We were midway between four islands—Kahoolawe to the south, Lanai to the west, Molokai to the north, and Maui to the east. Oahu itself was dimly discernible between Lanai and Molokai.

"All around us are the great cloud masses which crown the islands, sometimes dark and threatening, sometimes light and free, sometimes passing away into a mere streak of mist.

"I think Molokai looked the finest of all, the sun on the seaward slope, great triangular masses of shadow black as ink, all crowned by a pile of white, fleecy cloud.

"Lanai looked like the back of an enormous whale, and indeed it is from this hump-backed appearance that

it takes its name. The sugar plantations of Maui showed like patches of vivid green, and the shore was fringed with the long line of feathery palms.

“At length, after three hours’ sailing and rowing, we got within the reef on the Lanai side, and scudded along through the crystal water till we got to Manalei. Here they put me ashore; I was met by Mr. Gibson (son of the ex-Premier), and was soon mounted on a good horse and riding over the mountain ridge. Our party increased to six by the time we got to the highest point, and I think we formed a picturesque little cavalcade. The *Kanaka* always looks superb in his scarlet shirt, and the woman riding male fashion looks by no means awkward. The ascent was through a wild, rocky country to a height of about 3,000 feet. There were no trees except a few stunted bushes unworthy of the name, and the ground was torn into great chasms by the torrents which now and then descend the mountain side.

“But as soon as we commenced the opposite descent, the character of the country was completely changed. Far as the eye could reach were rolling prairies of manienie grass, with enormous flocks of sheep roaming at will from mountain crest to deepest valley.

“Here and there was a flock of wild turkeys, a few *kolea*, plovers, or a few goats, but otherwise there was no animal life visible. The only vegetation except the grass consisted of groves of the *lauhala* palm, the leaves of which are so prized by the natives for plaiting their mats, and clumps of *panini* or prickly pear; but down in the ravines Nature was prodigal enough of her wealth.

“After twelve miles’ ride, we (at least, two of us) at

last arrived at our destination, Koele, passed the enormous sheep-shearing house, and then entered as charming a country house as one could wish to see.

“My stay here was uneventful, but most delightful. I seemed always drinking milk, and must have reduced the quantity of butter sent from Lanai that week. After Lahaina, the cool air seemed like the breezes of Paradise. In some ways Koele was so different that it was hard to believe oneself in the Sandwich Islands, especially when I went to see the Scotch shepherds who had come out from the ‘auld country’ with their collie dogs, and even now savoured more of Skye than of the tropics.

“The only other guest at Koele was Dr. K., a Government physician, an American, who kept us all from getting dull. When his medicine chest arrived, almost every one of the Japs, of whom there were seventeen employed as shepherds, came, with most doleful faces, asking for medicine. They seemed to have most unbounded confidence in English medicine, whether they needed it or not.

“There are about 40,000 sheep in Lanai, and a good many horses. Many sheep are lost in the ravines or killed by dogs, and many of the lambs stray away and are devoured by wild boars. But in spite of all drawbacks they increase rapidly, and are a very profitable investment.

“One of the pleasantest features of Lanai is the absence of mosquitoes, but their duties are undertaken for them, to a certain extent, by fleas, which certainly try to fulfil them to the best of their ability. I saw some spiders, too, on the *panini* cacti, presiding over webs which looked as if they might have held ensnared a small bird.

"I can only give an account of how we spent the time in a very general way. 'Sleep well' was the first rule, and perhaps second was our devotion to the enticing banquets of mutton, chicken, turkey, ham, milk, eggs, &c. Then the horses were always ready, and I think we spent the greater part of our waking hours in the saddle.

"Sometimes it was a turkey hunt, at another time an attempt at a wild boar hunt, then an expedition to capture oranges, mangoes, or guavas, in the ravines, or at other times simply a gallop any whither over the rolling green plains.

"A turkey hunt is great fun, and generally very successful, but there is nothing particularly heroic in the struggle to bring down your quarry. It takes place at night, the darker the better. We provide ourselves with torches and bamboo rods with cord nooses, and so ride out to the mountains. There the poor turkeys are snugly roosting in the trees, dreaming of domestic peace, when suddenly, like the Amalekites of old, they are startled by the flashing of torches before their sleepy eyes, and too bewildered to fly away they suffer the noose to be dropped over their necks. Their legs are then tied, and when a sufficient number has been caught alive they are taken back, ignominiously trailing from the saddle, to be fattened and killed when needed. We got in one night, I should think, about twenty.

"In our boar hunt we were disappointed. The animals have been hunted so much of late that they seem to have altogether retired to their mountain fastnesses. We rode prepared for the hunt, with several large dogs, and long dirks or knives, but our ride brought us no further reward

than the gallop itself. Now and then a gaudy peacock would run from his shelter in the *lauhala* trees, but no wild boars came out, so we returned from our raid bloodless and spoiless.

"The natives sometimes hunt the wild goats for the flesh, chasing them from the mountains down into the sea, where they are caught. One native gave me a most graphic account, in very much the same poetic strain as an old Hebrew would have given it. You learn the beauty of the Hebrew tongue when you hear precisely the same style of language here—terse, uninflectional, nervous, and poetic, though without the moral fire which the old prophets infused into the voice of Israel.

"By the bye, the language spoken in Lanai is in some ways almost Tahitian, at least, more so than in any of the other islands. The Hawaiians generally use 'k' and 'l' respectively where 't' and 'r' are used here. Thus Lanai is here called '*Ranai*,' and the natives here say '*aole iti*' for '*aole iki*.'

"I believe there are nearly 300 natives in Lanai, some of them fine men and women, but there is no Church and moral relations seem almost unknown. It is a curious and interesting point, applying equally to all the islands of the group, that there are two distinct words for 'father,' implying two distinct relationships. *Makuakane*—'father'—means accurately the husband of the mother; *makuakaneponoi*—'real father'—refers to the actual father of the child.

"Here in Lanai the natives seem to take life very easily. They catch goats and fish for food, or subsist entirely on *poi*—i.e., the sour paste made from the *arum esculentum*.

"I saw a large number of natives living entirely under a clump of *lauhala* trees. Here, within a few yards of the sea, they spread their mats, dug their water-holes, caught their fish, and—*existed*. They seem to have little real grief, though they wail so terribly when a death occurs. One woman here had just lost her husband, and during the funeral had made most blood-curdling demonstration of grief. Immediately after the funeral I thought I would say something to comfort her, so began by asking if she was not sorry her husband was dead. She quite surprised me by her answer, '*Oh no, plenty more husbands come along!*'

"Here is a man, naked but for the *malo* round his loins, sitting on his mat with a piece of bark across his knees; by his side is a large calabash of wet taro. This he is busily engaged in kneading up, with the help of a large stone, into his favourite mess of *poi*. This done, the needs of his family are quite supplied.

"At another place, two or three girls are digging vigorously at an earthen oven. The hole is made, a fire is lighted, and large stones are thrown in. On these are spread pieces of water melon (to feed the pigs), and on these strips of goats' flesh and dried squid. The whole is then covered with leaves and branches, earth is heaped over, and the dinner goes on cooking without further trouble till it is taken up and eaten.

"The fish which are commonly eaten are of many various species. Those I have generally seen have been a beautiful little fish called *manini*, marked with four black stripes; a kind of mullet; the *kawakawa*, a large fish tasting somewhat like mackerel; the turtle; above all,

the squid, or octopus. This latter is eaten raw, dried, or roasted. Crabs and shrimps are caught on the shore and eaten raw, without the preliminary of carrying them home.

“The only industry in which I saw the natives here indulging, beyond that necessary for providing food, was the making of hats or mats from grass, or from the dried fronds of the *lauhala*.

“This was the privilege of the women. It is a strange, childlike life, without much apprehension or shadow. Every trouble, small or great, is a *pilikia*, nothing more. Even the face of the old, white-haired woman, lying day after day silent on her mat, waiting the call of death, shows little but a childlike acquiescence in the natural fact of passing away from earth into the great mystery beyond.

“On Friday, Sept. 2nd, I left Koele early in the morning with the expectation of getting across the channel back to Lahaina, but the fates were unpropitious. I got down to the beach at Manalei after a ride of fifteen miles, and then waited on the beach for a boat. Kaopoiki was in no hurry—he was out in his canoe fishing for squid—so I was left awhile to watch the tiny nautili with which the beach was strewn, and follow the swift movements of the turtle in the water. At last, some time after noon, the boat was launched, I was carried to it through the water, and we set sail.

“It was a voyage to be remembered. The wind was blowing very hard, and the water hissed over our bows as we scudded along within the reef. Outside the reef every wave seemed ready to engulf us, but a skilful turn of the helm hither and thither kept us right—now in the deep

sea-valleys, now on the foam-topped crest. Three hours of this brought us well within the sight of Lahaina, but, alas! within sight also of a most cruel surf. The captain had never, I was told, turned back before, but this time, perhaps on my account, he refused to proceed, and announced his intention to me by gesticulations and cries of, '*Lanai maikai, Lahaina aole maikai. Hele mau, mahope pilikia.*' (Lanai, good; Lahaina, no good. Go shore, by-and-bye, trouble.) There was no help for it, so we turned reluctantly back. We did the return journey quickly enough, but were obliged to land at the very extremity of the island, where I found myself among some of the most primitive islanders of the group, ignorant of a word of English. '*Makemake lio*' (want horse) was, however, sufficient to procure myself an animal to ride, and I was soon making off along the beach on the way back to Koele. Nearly twenty miles, partly over a steep mountain ascent, was not, however, a very easy journey, and on the crest of the range the wind at my back was very keen, but I urged on my steed as hard as it would go, and was fortunate in getting to Koele a little after sunset. You may imagine how surprised they were to see me, but I made the best of the circumstances, and on the whole was not very sorry to get a further week's holiday.

"On the Tuesday following, Dr. K. and I rode down to make a second attempt, and this time we were successful, though the surf was still tremendous. It took us more than five hours to cross, and as we approached the reef where great rollers were breaking in with thunderous noise, the situation looked anything but pleasant. We

took off our boots to be ready for a swim should the boat have gone over, and waited and watched for the right moment to head the boat for the narrow entrance through the reef. A large crowd, seemingly nearly all the population of Lahaina, was assembled on the wharf awaiting the result. A cry of '*makehewa*' showed that they considered we were making a mistake in turning almost broadside to the shore, but the Captain knew what he was about, and, standing erect in the boat, waited his opportunity. Then suddenly he gave the word '*Hele,*' the boat flew round, and the four men bent to the oars and pulled like giants. Straight in front of an enormous breaker we kept ; it seemed like a race for life, so fiercely the foam roared over the reef, then, like an arrow, the boat shot through the entrance, the people shouted, we clapped our hands with excitement, and we were soon safe ashore."


CHAPTER XII.

In Chinatown Again.

PROGRESS OF CHURCH WORK—A GRATIFYING EPISODE—DIFFICULTIES—
PARENTAL AFFECTION—WHY HE CRIED—SECRET SOCIETIES—JOSS-
HOUSES—DOMESTIC SHRINES—HEATHEN WORSHIP—LUCK STICKS—A
CURIOUS SACRIFICE—A CHINESE WEDDING—THE MARRIAGE FEAST—
CHOPSTICKS—CHINESE TEA—"OH, THAT'S POETRY"—MARRIED LIFE
AMONG THE CHINESE.

"Honolulu,

"Nov. 5th, 1887.

" LESS than eight months ago we had neither Church nor congregation, nor any service at all in the Chinese language. Now we have thirty communicants, some other baptized adults who, I hope, will be confirmed before long, and a very fair number of catechumens and enquirers.

"We have a small church-building which, on Sunday mornings, is filled to overflowing, and well-attended at other times, our monthly celebration of Holy Communion in Chinese is attended regularly by all the confirmed, and we have quite a large number of children attending Sunday School. There are no less than three Chinese ladies in our congregation who are capable of officiating as organist at the service.

"Let me mention here a little episode which will, I

think, show that we have real life in our little band of converts, and you must remember that among all our men (over thirty in number) there is none above the position of a storekeeper or a clerk. They include cooks, yardmen, laundrymen, domestic servants, tailors, and shoemakers.

“For several weeks past our little church-building, which was constructed out of part of the old wooden pro-Cathedral last Easter, has been inconveniently crowded, and the idea was suggested to me of trying to raise funds for a new Church to be built in the Cathedral precincts, as our own Chinese Church. The idea came from the Chinese themselves, for I confess it seemed rather impracticable to me, at any rate then.

“However, I called the meeting last Tuesday evening, All Saints’ Day, and, to my great surprise, one man after another got up and put down his name to the subscription list, till we had no less than \$1,100 promised in the room, from our Chinamen themselves, without going outside to a single white man, or a single merchant or rich man of any nationality.

“This is an encouraging point in our brief history, and there is abundant reason for hopefulness in other directions. Five more men are to be confirmed by the Bishop to-morrow, and on the Sunday following two or three are to be baptized. I hope, before Christmas, to have a good number of the women ready for Confirmation. You must bear in mind that, in a great deal of this, I am simply gathering much of what has been sown by faithful labour in China, especially by German missionaries of the Basle and Berlin missions. The Chinese are not easily moved,

very tenacious of old customs, and so devoted to their parents in China that they would die rather than grieve them. This strong parental love is at present one of the greatest obstacles to the extension of Christianity that we have. In England the child knows that its duty towards God and its duty towards its parents both proceed in the same direction, and when it offends God it is offending its parents too; but the Chinaman, when he wants to become a Christian, knows that he will have to prove to the very bitterest depth the truth of our Lord's words, 'He that loveth father or mother more than Me is not worthy of Me.' I have over and over again seen a Chinaman in tears at the thought of having to choose between the human love, which is just as dear to him as it is to us, and the love of Christ Who promises to stick closer than a brother. I have even known men of twenty-five or thirty years old who have come to one of our Christian services and have gone home to be actually beaten by their father with a stick for having come. They might have easily resisted, but it is such a strong point of honour for the Chinaman to pay the proper reverence to parents that he would rather take a beating than rebel.

"There is an old story, whether true or not I know not, of a Chinaman who used to be beaten by his mother till she was over ninety years old. *He* was over sixty, and yet every now and then the old dame would give her somewhat mature offspring a good 'licking' with a stick. But one day he cried, and as it was the first time his mother ever remembered him to have cried, she stopped using the stick and asked him the reason. He replied, very pathetically, I think, that he cried because

he saw *she had no longer strength enough to hurt him.*

“That may not be true, but it is true that a Chinaman has even been known to take the place of a malefactor on the scaffold on the condition that the reprieved one should provide for his aged father and mother till the day of their death.

“This affection may seem an obstacle to us now, but we may depend upon it that when the first few have gone through the fiery trial and have chosen the love of Christ rather than the love of home, it will be a mighty help to the extension of Christianity in China, for there is surely no foundation to the love and service of God so strong as the love and service of those whom God has placed over us in this our earthly life.

“Another difficulty we have is that the Chinese are to a great extent held in thralldom by secret societies, which make it a matter of considerable danger sometimes for a man to confess himself as a Christian. People might live here a long time without suspecting the existence among the Chinese of a very powerful and strongly-organized secret society, extending its ramifications all over the group. In China, a man could not join it, I am told, except at the risk of his life, but here it certainly flourishes with impunity. Our Chinese converts know what persecution is, and there is one satisfactory thing about this, in that if we do not get very many men, we do get the best sort—the real, manly, courageous fellows, who, having confessed Christ, are ready to follow Him even to death.

“Heathenism is a good deal stronger here than one might imagine from a superficial acquaintance with Chinese life.

“We have here three large joss-houses, or heathen temples. One is on the river bank, dedicated to Heo-wong-ka. It is decorated with gilding and carving of the richest kind, and over the altars are figures of Heo-wong-ka, Kwan-tai, and the Chinese Æsculapius, or god of medicine. The second temple, not long built, is dedicated to the favourite Chinese goddess, Kwan-yun, the goddess of mercy, seated on the open petals of the mystic lotus. The third is the temple of the god of war, a shrine shared by other less-reverenced divinities.

“The houses, of course, and the stores have private shrines as an almost necessary part of the furniture. You always see the household *penates* in the heathen home, and it is better, at any rate, than banishing religion from the home altogether.

“Worship in the temples is carried on as follows:—The devotee comes in, and kneels before the altar until a priest has time to come and attend on him. Then the priest takes a little jar in his hand, with strips of bamboo in it, inscribed with characters taken from the Book of Prayers. These are shaken up until a splint jumps out. The priest picks it up, looks at the characters, consults his book to explain them, then from this tells the man his fortune. After this, or other kinds of luck-finding, the worshipper buys his red paper, takes it outside to burn at the crematory of the joss-house, and his worship is done.

“When a sacrifice is offered the food is generally brought to the altar, and afterwards becomes the perquisite of the priest, but sometimes a man brings his chicken or duck to the altar, and then, believing that the god is content with the spirit or ‘essence,’ he takes the

substance home again for a feast with his friends. A curious idea, not altogether without something like it among ourselves. How often we give because we shall not miss what we give, when we ought to know that a sacrifice to be acceptable to God must be alive—body, soul, and spirit, not worn out in the service of the world, but quivering in every fibre of their being with life.

“In my last letter I mentioned a forthcoming Chinese wedding, to which I was an invited guest. This event is now a thing of the past, but it was interesting enough to excuse a brief description.

“It was the first Chinese wedding in our cathedral. The bridegroom, Ah Khing, was one of our recently-confirmed men, and the bride, Li Faa, was the daughter of a *luna* on one of the Hawaiian plantations, and, of course, a Christian. A week before the day fixed for the wedding I received a very handsomely printed invitation in Chinese. There were two notes within, one being an invitation expressed in true Chinese form, the other being a reminding note to say that the feast was ready.

“On Thursday, October 27th, the Church was quite filled by a large assembly of Chinese, the men all sitting on one side, the women on the other. The dress of many of the women was very fine, and the children were more than ordinarily resplendent in gold and green, red, yellow, and blue. Punctually at 11 a.m. came the bride with her duenna in one carriage, and the bridegroom with his ‘friend’ in another. The bride wore a richly-embroidered petticoat, coming down to the feet, plaited at the sides like a Highlander’s kilt. Her hair was in the usual Chinese fashion, with a bewildering flutter of butterflies

and gold and silver ornaments. I helped her out of the carriage, but she was careful to keep her fan in front of her face. The bridegroom wore a long robe of flowered blue silk, reaching to his feet, a tasselled black cap, and gorgeously-embroidered shoes. Mrs. Yee Pio officiated as organist, and the Bishop took the service through an interpreter. The service would have been more impressive had the bride and bridegroom considered it etiquette to look at one another. As it was, they each looked the other way, and kept their fans to conceal the emotions of the face. Under these circumstances putting on the ring was a comical trial of skill. The true Chinese 'form' was kept up by the bride and bridegroom going away in separate carriages to separate houses, where separate feasts awaited the men in one house, and the women and children in the other.

"The feast began at three o'clock, and a very elaborate repast it was. Altogether there were 200 Chinamen present, beside the women and children similarly engaged elsewhere. I was not able to stay the entire time, as I had to take the Cathedral evensong at five, but even in the two hours I was there I gained considerable experience of Chinese viands. I was provided, out of compassion, with a knife and fork, but I found myself able to use chopsticks after a fashion. You hold both in one hand, crossing between the thumb and fingers, and then, with a pressure of one finger on each chopstick, you can get a very good grip of the food.

"It would take too long to describe all the dishes, even supposing I knew them all, but I managed to taste a good many, if not with relish, at least with satisfaction. We

had shark's fin soup, birds' nest soup, soup made from the gristle of fishes' heads, stale eggs (six months old), ducks and chickens stuffed with very 'queer fish,' pigeons, sea-weed, *beche-de-mer*, stewed shell-fish, lean pork fried in oil, sweetmeats of every conceivable kind, melon seeds, li-chis and almonds, with, of course, plenty of tea. The Chinese never drink anything cold, but those who were inclined for something a little stronger than tea favoured *sam-shu*, a very potent spirit distilled from rice and placed on the table in tea-pots. But tea was the general drink; water is never drunk except warm. The Chinaman always has his tea ready. A wicker basket is lined like a cosy and, in this way, the tea-pot reposes, ready for use night and day. They use neither sugar nor milk, and the tea, though pale, is very strong. I like it very well, but sometimes in an afternoon's round of visits have, out of courtesy, to imbibe a good deal more than I want of it. In every store you will see the tea-basket with a bowl of water beside it, in which a number of little cups are floating ready for use by anyone who enters on a visit.

"The Chinese do not eat bread, but they sometimes use a species of steamed bread as a kind of sweetmeat.

"The walls of the apartment where the feast was held were entirely covered by long strips of red paper about a foot wide and reaching from the ceiling to the floor. They contain poetic tributes to the bride and bridegroom, but they must lack definiteness, for on asking a Chinaman to interpret some of them he told me blandly, 'Oh, that's poetry,' with an air of astonishment that I had expected any sense in the effusions.

"I am afraid the lot of a Chinese bride is not always a

very happy one. The Chinese ideograph meaning 'to marry' is made up of the three characters, 'a hand,' 'an ear,' and 'a woman,' a collocation explained by the fact that the primitive style of marrying among the Chinese was for a man to take hold of a woman's ear and lead her away.

"The bride is practically a slave to her mother-in-law until she has children of her own. The Chinese marry young as a rule, and much importance is attached to the ceremony. The bridegroom receives a new name, and enters upon all the duties and privileges of honourable manhood, but a Chinese marriage is a very costly business, and in some cases means debt for life."


CHAPTER XIII.

Another Holiday on Maui.

END OF THE WILCOX INSURRECTION—VACATION—ON BOARD THE “LIKE-LIKE”—THE “NAVAL ROW”—OAHU AT SUNSET—A DRIVE TO WAILUKU—AN OLD HOUSE—VISITS TO OLD FRIENDS—THE WORK OF A PLANTATION MANAGER—SUNDAY SERVICES—A TRIP TO HALEAKALA—RIDE THROUGH SPRECKELSVILLE—STOP AT MAKAWAO FOR REFRESHMENTS—OLINDA AT SUNSET—A CUP OF TEA IN A TUMBLE-DOWN SHANTY—UNEXPECTED OCCUPANTS—START AT MOONRISE—A STIFF CLIMB—WE “FOOT” IT—A ROUGH ROAD—THE LAST RIDGE GAINED—DISAPPOINTMENT—WE REST IN “A CLEFT IN THE ROCK”—SUNSHINE AT LAST—A SHORT NAP—BOTANIZING—THE DESCENT—WAILUKU AGAIN—ASHORE AGAIN AT LAHAINA—EXPEDITION TO HONOLULU—THE BLACK ROCK—VISIT TO LAHAINALUNA—PICNIC AT OLUALU—UP THE KAUWAULA VALLEY—A PRIZE—RETURN TO LAHAINA—HONOLULU ONCE MORE.

“ Honolulu,

“ Sept. 19th, 1889.

“  HE ‘Wilcox Insurrection’ was just over, the sound of dynamite bombs, of cannon and rifles was an experience of the past, the dead were buried, the wounded for the most part doing well in hospital, and the prisoners meditating on their futile attempt in the safe seclusion of Oahu prison, when I was at last enabled to leave Honolulu for my long-looked-for holiday.

"The heat of the summer had driven from the metropolis all who could possibly get away. The schools were all enjoying vacation, the Sisters were away in Maui, the Bishop was in Hawaii, while the congregations were, for the most part, dispersed in every direction—some to the other islands, some to the States, some even to Europe.

"Consequently, there was little for me to leave when I got on board the *Likeli*, bound for the cooler clime of Maui. The voyage is not one of any particular interest. I had had full experience of the *Likeli* many times before, and, on the whole, rather liked her. You get your mattress spread on deck, and there beneath the stars you can sleep or meditate, as you please. That is, if the dreaded Molokai Channel will permit you a respite (not granted to many) from *mal-de-mer*. This is unfortunately a rather slight chance, for, added to the various ship smells and the motion of the vessel, there is ever around you the heavy fragrance of the *leis* of flowers which seem necessary to the native idea of a sea voyage, and somehow these perfumes are rather overwhelming at sea.

"It was 5 p.m. when we left. Steaming out of the harbour, we passed the poor old *Nipsic*, relic of the Samoan cyclone, just brought up from the scene of the disaster by the *Alert*, another United States war-ship. She is to be put on the Marine Railway and patched up for future service, but she looks battered enough now. Besides the *Alert*, there were also in the 'naval row' the U.S.S. *Adams*, H.B.M.S. *Espiègle*, and outside the coral reef the French flagship *Duquesne*, too big to enter the harbour.

"Outside the reef, we went along merrily enough for a while. The coast showed to advantage, especially the

old craters of the Punchbowl and Diamond Head. In the distance the richly-wooded Waianae Mountains made a strong contrast to the almost barren sternness of the more southerly points.

"Oahu indeed looks beautiful now as the sun sinks to his rest. The peaks of Konahuanui and Waiolani are already almost hidden in mist, and the deep shadows lie like solid masses of blackness in the gulches and fissures of Diamond Head. The sunset is very grand, but very soon over.

"The sun's rim dips, the stars come out,
At one stride comes the dark.'

"No twilight, and you are, perforce, induced to seek your mattress on the deck and woo the gentle influences of Somnus till the morn. But the 'gentle Somnus' is generally very coy, at least on the *Likelike*, and the hours pass very haltingly as you lie and watch the canopy of heaven swaying like gold-embroidered curtains from side to side with the motion of the ship.

"Somewhere about midnight the ship touches at Molokai—*Molokai ahina*—then once more goes on its way till it reaches the Hawea headland on Maui, and from thence skirts along the coast by Honokahau, Keawalua, Molokea, and Kahakaloa. It is here that we find ourselves when the grey dawn makes visible the long monotonous line of alternate ridge and gully, and before the sun has well risen we are off our port of Kahului, and soon disembarked by means of boats.

"It was two years and a half since I was last at Kahului but there were many well-known faces about the wharf, and the place itself had but slightly changed.

“ The jetty running out into the blue waters, the beach of broken coral, the large corrugated-iron depôt whence the trains started for Wailuku or Paia, the big wooden store which supplied all the necessities of the Maui plantations, and beyond this nothing but a long line of Chinese restaurants, stores, or dwelling houses.

“ As there was no train for several hours and I wanted to be in Wailuku by breakfast time, I took a two-horsed vehicle they called a ‘hack’ and started off at once. Along the beach, strewn with coral and broken shells, past the naked fishers hauling in their nets, just as, doubtless, Peter and Andrew did of old by the Sea of Galilee, then, turning to the left, by a faintly marked road over the sandhills, from which in the distance could be seen Wailuku at the mouth of the Iao Valley, the white spire of the native Church shining brightly in the morning sunlight.

“ Then we passed the Roman Church and schools, the Malulani Hospital, the Roman Cemetery with its graves all along the hill-side, and were soon close to Wailuku, my pastorate for the brief space of seven weeks three years ago.

“ There was the same green ocean of cane-field, the same heavy cane carts with their teams of oxen lazily moaning under the burden of the yoke, and the drivers with their whips whose cracks resounded like pistol shots.

“ Then the dear old ‘Church of the Good Shepherd,’ now too seldom used, the houses of Wailuku’s remaining inhabitants, and at last, with the well-remembered sound of the rushing flume, the garden and house of Mr. W., manager of the Wailuku plantation and the kindest of hosts.

"One of the old missionary houses of the substantial kind, and once a seminary, there is more attractiveness about this house than about those of the modern wooden species. The broad verandahs were covered with stephanotis, honeysuckle, and passion vine, and beneath cool with the shade and moisture of countless ferns. The garden, green with the water it is the privilege of a plantation manager to use when others must forbear, was full of trees, mangoes, bread-fruit and orange, while the flower-beds were bright with pansies and roses. A fountain in the centre threw its sprays far around over a lovely mass of blue Japanese lilies. Mr. W. and his Chinese servants were the only members of the household, beside the two dogs and something like a dozen cats, but everything marked the refined taste of a cultivated gentleman.

"Having so far been rather lavish in description, I must begin to summarise, and merely give a general outline of the kind of life I led for the next few days.

"In the first place, it was a lazy life. There was the ever-present temptation of the hammock on the verandah whenever the thermometer showed above 90° in the shade. Then there were the visits to old friends—what was left of them—and the pleasure of seeing how big the boys and girls had grown and how many fresh babies had come. Then there would be the visits to the plantation office to mark how the manager has to distribute law and medicine (and sometimes matrimony) to his motley multitude of *lunas* (overseers) and labourers. There were all races—European, Asiatic, American, Polynesian, and African, and of almost every nationality, chiefly Chinese, Japanese, Portuguese, Hawaiian, and South Sea Islanders.

“Then there would be a ride round the plantation to get an idea of the manifold worries a manager has to endure, since he has to watch the fickleness of Nature as well as that of man. He has to watch the clouds up the valley, lest a freshet should come down, burst the dam, and flood the cane-land; he has to watch the flumes, lest Chinamen or natives should come by night and divert the water to their own taro-patches.

“Sometimes there is an outbreak of fire in a field to be crushed out, caused by the pipe or cigar of some chance passer-by. Then there is the business of burning the ‘trash’ on some fields, planting out young cane elsewhere, and when the cane begins to tassel then comes the time of cutting, and the still more arduous work of grinding the cane in the mills to express the juice. So the cycle of the year is filled up. In some places cane has to be replanted every year, but in other parts it is allowed to grow up for several years in succession, and the cane is then known as *rattoons*. In Western Maui the cane is allowed to ratoon nine or ten years in succession, but this cannot be done at Wailuku.

“When I got tired of the plantation there was the ride up the Iao Valley, which I have described before, a ride of never satiating beauty, a magnificent blending of land and seascape, cloud and mountain, cultivated terrace and impenetrable thicket, grey rock, and foaming waterfall. This time I had the additional inducement of doing a little botanizing, but without going on the ridges there was little that was not very common. In a hundred yards you could discover all that the level of the valley afforded—castor-oil and indigo, ginger, bread-fruit, Indian

shot (*canna Indica*), sida, malvastrum, a pretty little blue flower called *kolokolo*, beautiful trailing passion vine with large white flowers, and a magnificent blue convolvulus (*Ipomæa insularis*).

"Varying this favourite pursuit there were rides out to the adjacent plantations of Waikapu and Waihee. On Friday Mr. W. had to go up to Honolulu on business, so that I was left alone for a few days lord of the household. However, on Saturday, my friend and colleague, Mr. K., came over, and we at once began to discuss our proposed ascent of Haleakala. As he had only just come down from a camping party in the crater, he was full of information, and quite enthusiastic in the prospect of a second trip. We decided to start early the next week.

"Sunday was a delightful day and seemed, with the services in the little Church, quite to bring back a whiff of old days. I took the service and preached in the morning, and Mr. K. did the same in the evening. We had very good congregations, and some of the people had come from as far away as Waikapu.

"On Tuesday Mr. W. came back, and K. and I at once prepared for our mountain trip. So on Wednesday morning, two very unclerical-looking individuals, we prepared to start. Conceive us in a kind of cowboy guise, spurs six inches long, horses well-laden with bulging saddle-bags, canteens of water slung round the horns of our Mexican saddles, cantering at a good speed across the sandhills from Wailuku. All day we rode, with only one or two halts. We got through the dust-clouds of Spreckelsville, the largest sugar plantation in the world, and at length began to reach higher ground. Maui, in

reality, consists of two mountain masses, connected by a broad sandy isthmus. The one mass culminates in Mount Eeka, and is broken up by innumerable gulches, of which the Iao Valley is one. The other, the more southern mass, consists entirely of Haleakala—'House of the Sun'—the largest crater in the world. It, too, is broken up by plenty of ravines on the windward side, and in one place the road takes you up and down no less than seventy-two *palis*—steep precipices—in a few miles. On the one side facing Wailuku, however, the ascent is not very difficult when the direction is once known and carefully observed, so that there was not much hard riding for us on the first day. At Makawao we stopped, had our last meal provided for us at a Chinese restaurant, then, giving our horses a good feed of corn, packed our saddle-bags with tinned meats, peaches, and bread, filled our canteens with water, and mounted again. Strange as it may seem, we did not forget to take a tin-opener.

"Up from Makawao the ascent is much more sensible, but it was over lovely stretches of grasslands, where real English blackberries found their proper habitat and the breezes began to blow with something of English vigour. We had indeed to push on apace as Olinda had to be reached before nightfall and the sun was already westering rapidly.

"Meanwhile, how grand was the view! Down below us, in great, black, cloudy masses lay the islands of Molokai, Lanai, and Kahoolawe, and the clouds lay across the mid-isthmus of Maui. But there was no time to stop till at last with a wonderful feeling of exhilaration we reached Olinda just as the sun flushed all the west with

most prodigal outpouring of gold. We had barely tethered the horses and found the shelter of an old, tumble-down shanty, which conveniently exists at this point, when the darkness came on. What a stillness there was! Six thousand feet above the sea, where the only sound that came to our ears was the distant lowing of the cattle on the mountain side.

“ We soon had a good fire and the kettle boiling, and were glad enough, after the long day in the saddle, to enjoy the cup ‘which cheers but not inebriates.’ As we intended to start again soon after moonrise we did not sit up very late, but we might just as well for all the sleep we were able to get. It appeared that the mountain goats were occasional visitors at our *châlet*, and brought with them a very large number of parasites, who were not so careful as to go away again with their *patrones*. Left behind, they were very glad to make the best they could out of us. In their glad surprise at such unexpected prey as real English specimens of *homo*, the representatives of genus *pulex* made quite a carnival—not literally, for to say farewell to flesh was just what they would *not* do—over our unlucky bodies and found us out with the greatest good temper and glee wherever we attempted to stretch our limbs.

“ However, it did not very much matter, as the moon rose soon after eleven, and by twelve we had the kettle on again for the morning meal. Outside it was as cold as an English May morning, and our teeth chattered as we saddled the horses again, and prepared for the stiff climb to the summit. It was a little after 1 a.m. when, the inner man satisfied and the fire put out, we mounted and

started slowly upwards. Very weird it was in the moonlight among the clouds, as we turned our eyes to a point between two peaks above, and made it, as Christian did the wicket gate in the 'Pilgrim's Progress,' the goal of this part of our journey. Great, sleepy oxen stood up and stared out from the shadows as we passed by disturbing their slumbers. The horses shivered at the unaccustomed frigidness of the temperature, but gradually both we and they got warmer under the stress of the uphill pull. For ourselves, where the brush was not too thick, we were glad to dismount and lead the horses, and a little of this went a long way in keeping up and quickening our circulation. It would be impossible to describe the scenery or the vegetation here, as the faint light was only just sufficient to enable us to keep or make a trail. There was no regular track, and ten thousand opportunities there were for going wrong, so that now and then we did make a wrong move, but every half mile or so there was a little cairn of stones which afforded encouragement and assurance as to the past if it was no guide for the future.

"For four hours we journeyed on in this way, with Diana's kindly aid, when suddenly we found ourselves in a whirling mist, which completely eclipsed the light and wrapped us in thick folds of dampness and darkness. How those old Aryans must have learned to know the reality of the conflict between the divinities of light and darkness, storm and serene sky, and how easy for them to form a mythology in which Varuna and Dyauspiter, Indra and Surya should have their place. We could no longer see a yard before us, so had to make out our track foot by foot. Occasionally the moon came out again and

lent us her help, but fortunately another light was now dawning in the sky, to which we trusted for the complete discomfiture and dispersion of the mist-giants around us. The road was now at its worst—slippery lava, over which the poor horses slid and sprawled, thick, coarse grass, and tangled masses of brushwood.

“Soon after five we reached the cave, and at ten minutes to six we found the last ridge gained, and a great storm of rushing drizzle came pouring across the void crater which wetted us to the skin in less than a minute, and made our teeth chatter with the cold. Oh, how fondly we had looked forward to the grand vision of the sunrise from this eminence of 10,000 feet, how carefully we had timed our arrival so that we might welcome Sol just as he emerged from Ocean’s lap! Though a few glimpses of daylight appeared through the clouds, yet East and West alike were cold and colourless, and when we stood on the topmost piles of lava and looked down into the cavity, thousands of feet deep and seven miles across from rim to rim, where only bodiless storm was visible, I think we felt like Virgil and Dante on the verge of the rocky precipice round the seventh circle of Hell—

“‘By craggy rocks environ’d round,’

and compelled to hide behind them to

“‘Shun the horrible excess’

of

“‘Exhalations upward cast from the profound abyss.’

Every now and then would come a lull, during which it was possible to trace the awful line of descent to the black, volcanic sands of the floor, but in a minute a fresh

ocean of cloud would pour in from the Koolau gap, and all again would be blind chaos. What were we to do?

“To attempt a descent under such circumstances would be madness, to go back seemed like faintheartedness, while without any doubt, enthusiasm was rapidly falling to a very low ebb under the influence of the cold, wet blanket of cloud. Tying the horses up to a piece of lava in as sheltered a place as we could find, and finding for ourselves a comparatively dry hole, a ‘cleft in the rock,’ we tried the effect of a second meal, for the double purpose of satisfying hunger and of giving the weather time to improve its behaviour. But improvement was the last thing the weather thought of, and after an hour’s waiting we came to the conclusion to give it up as a bad job and betake ourselves to serener regions. The descent is much harder than the ascent for the horses; every step was a jump downwards a couple of feet from lava to lava, but as we went on we got out of the belt of cloud, and were soon being dried by a glorious sun, which raised our spirits once more to the sticking point. We had only got down to the cave when we agreed to wait there for a while, get sun-dried, and then later on make another attempt. It was 8 a.m. when we had our third meal for the day (and the last, until the evening), and then, almost before we were aware of it, both of us, with stones for our pillows, had dropped off to sleep. A short nap over, I looked around to see what was to be done in the way of botanizing, but was not very successful. There were two kinds of *ohelo* (*vaccinium penduliflorum* and *vaccinium reticulatum*)—the plant sacred of old to the goddess Pele, and whose berries used to be thrown into the burning

lava with a kind of sacramental idea that Pele, the priest, and the worshippers might all partake of the self-same feast. Besides this, a geranium with silvery tomentose leaves (*geranium tridens*) and wild strawberry plants were almost the only variations from the common mountain flora. The beautiful 'silversword,' or *Ahinahina* (*Argyroxiphium Sandwicense*), is found only in the crater itself.

"The brightness below induced us to believe that we might have a good view above as well, so we started upwards again, the poor horses straining every muscle to climb the rocks. Although we got a little better prospect, and it was decidedly warmer, yet the crater was still a veritable witch's caldron of driving mist, revealing only the opposite rim and the volcanic cones by a faint suggestion of deeper blackness. The floor—could we have seen it—appears to stretch out in a great black plain of volcanic sand, relieved only by sixteen immense cones, one 600 feet high, scattered like anthills over its vast extent. There is but little vegetation, and, as far as has been explored, but a single intermittent spring of water. Some, who have paid Haleakala many visits, declare that in a certain direction they have caught sight of trees in the distance, and believe that water could be found. Should I ever go again I should like to join a camping party which would aim at pitching in the neighbourhood of the Koolau gap. Still the difficulties of exploration are very great, as, apart from the necessity of camping and the lack of water, the glistening black lava-fields which make up the southern slope are not inviting, and the gulches in that direction are dangerous in the extreme.

"The volcano must have been extinct for millenniums,

as there is no steam vent or hot spring anywhere in the crater, nor does any tradition of an eruption exist in the legendary lore of Hawaii.

“Having satisfied ourselves that there would be no better view that day, we soon began the descent in earnest, a long tedious task, and yet not without an element of romance in it. The mist and cloud seemed to follow us all the way down the mountain, as though to see us well out of the way this time, and as it all came from one direction I can say without the least exaggeration that we were on one side cold and soaked to the skin while the other side was almost burning under the rays of a tropical sun.

“On the whole, we were very glad when our last night’s lodging at length came into sight, and we did not spare the fuel when once we were able to get up a blaze. The night’s experience was only a repetition of that of the former night, so needs no further record, except to say that after we had exhausted all expedients for getting to sleep we suddenly dropped off almost unintentionally, and, fleas or no fleas, slept till the sun had risen high above the horizon. Without waiting for any breakfast, we soon got the horses saddled, and were once more on the downward path towards Makawao. There we arrived about 9 a.m., and had some breakfast in a Chinese restaurant, then started off for the final stage of the journey back to Wailuku. It was remarkable how small an area, after all, in the great isthmus below was covered by the sugar plantations, large as these are in themselves, and how large was the extent of brown, sandy desert, across which spiral columns of red dust were moving slowly before the

wind. If it were only possible to obtain more water by flumes from the mountains or by artesian wells, what wealth the soil of Maui could still produce! As it is, the plantations are most remunerative, the shareholders receiving from 20 to 50 per cent. on their investments.

"Hot, tired, and dusty, we arrived in Wailuku on the Friday afternoon, having had a very pleasant, if not altogether successful expedition. However, in mountaineering, as in other things, you have to take your chance and make the best of it.

"K. left for Lahaina the same night, but I remained for some days longer the guest of Mr. W. and made the most of my time.

"On Tuesday, August 20th, I rode to Maalea Bay, and there joined the *Kinau* on its way from Hawaii. On board I found a good many passengers I knew, among whom was the Bishop on the return voyage to Honolulu. My voyage on this occasion was not a long one, and before midnight I was once again ashore at Lahaina, where K. was at hand expecting me. Then off we went to the Mission buildings of S. Cross, once, in Lahaina's palmier days, the school buildings of the English Sisters. Here we gossipped till long after midnight.

"The morning revealed Lahaina with its familiar features, the immense cocoa-nut groves, the background of dark mountains with their shadowy gorges, the long line of somewhat ruinous white houses, the strip of sea-beach dazzling white in the sun, then the blue ocean broken by the white line of the reef foam and bounded by the three islands of Molokai, Lanai, and Kahoolawe, all of which looked much nearer than they really were.

"The days that followed were not by any means idle days.

"On Thursday we had a regular expedition to Honolua, half-way round the northern shoulder of the island towards Wailuku. The party consisted of three on horseback and a carriage full. There was plenty of dust, but the beauty of the ride was abundant compensation. Sometimes the way was through the cane-field, then would come a long gallop by the sea-beach or a canter across a cattle ranche. On the way we made the ascent of Black Rock, a curious promontory standing well up from the sea and surmounted by a number of stone tombs which are said to mark the burial place of the chiefs or the scene of a great battle. There were growing here some specimens of the beautiful *ohai* (*sesbania tomentosa*), but they were all cropped close to the ground by the cattle.

"When we arrived at Kaanapali, K. and I rode on to Honolua, while the rest of the party availed themselves of an opportunity to rest. The road on from Kaanapali was the most beautiful part of the journey, though not easy riding. It was an alternation of grassy hill and rocky cove. You would ride for a few minutes over a hill crowded with cattle, then would come a steep winding *pali*, leading down to a picturesque little bay formed by the rough rocks, at the base of which long white arms of glittering sand stretched to receive in their embrace waters of the deepest, clearest blue. Arriving at the house of Mr. S., Honolua, we were glad of a rest and some refreshment, then we rode back to pick up the residue of the party. There was little incident on the

return journey, and little of interest to see. The only vegetation beside the sugar consisted of grass, prickly pear, lantana, and a pretty little yellow flower called *nehe* (*lipochaeta connata*). But to watch the ever-changing shadows on the mountains and the varying light of the valleys was a source of endless delight.

“On Friday, K. and I paid a visit to Professor B. at Lahainaluna, the great authority in the islands on land-shells, ferns, and mosses. His collection of Hawaiian tree and ground shells was especially interesting, being the most complete existing. There are in these islands no less than 350 distinct species of land-shells, most of which belong to a family which is peculiar and indigenous, the Achatinella. The Helix or Snail family is also represented, but not largely. The colours and shapes of these shells are very remarkable, and it is curious to notice how very limited is the habitat of each particular species, a single valley perhaps possessing a species known nowhere else in the world, and those of the bright green colour being strictly limited to the one island of Molokai.

“Mr. B.’s collection of ferns, also, is very complete. There are said to be nearly 150 species of ferns in the Hawaiian flora, and of these, 75 species, or about 56 per cent., are found nowhere else. Some of them are very beautiful, and you may find the sides of the valleys, in some places, clothed with them.

“The subject of Hawaiian mosses is one which at present has not been thoroughly dealt with, and there is as yet no catalogue anything like complete.

“I shall not attempt to give a full account of all the various expeditions we undertook in different directions. One day

we had quite a picnic at Olualu. This time our cavalcade was made up of five on horseback and six or seven in carriages, so that we presented quite an imposing appearance as we left the Lahaina streets. On this occasion we went southwards. The available rides from Lahaina are not numerous unless you take to the mountains. You must go north or south if you want to keep to the coast belt of plain. The south road leads along the beach to Olualu, where there is a large plantation and sugar mills, but very little else of any importance or interest. Up into the mountains runs the beautiful Olualu Valley, which opens out into a circular crater, from which a connection exists with the Iao Valley on the Wailuku side, but the valley is so overgrown with vegetation that it is years since anyone made the journey quite through.

“Passing through Olualu we came to the entrance of the Ukamehame Valley, one of the grandest in appearance of all the Maui gulches, but as a native informed us the entrance was impossible on horseback we did not make the attempt, and, instead thereof, we turned in a body into the house of a native policeman. Here we rested, watered the horses, washed away the dust, and sat down to a banquet of roast pig and *poi*, the pig having been killed and cooked whole for us at a few minutes' notice, much as the calf was which Abraham set before his angel visitors on the plains of Mamre.

“The home journey was made without any incident to add distinction to, or mar the pleasure of our trip, but we were glad to have a bath in the sea, and rest for the evening.

“Another day K. and I made the most interesting

journey of the whole holiday up the Kauwaula Valley. The special object was to obtain specimens of the famous wild begonia, *Hillebrandia Sandwicensis*, which is a genus of a single species peculiar to the islands, and indeed the only begonia in Polynesia. It was first discovered in this valley, and named after Dr. Hillebrand, the author of the standard work on Hawaiian flora.

"We started at sunrise, and rode hard as far as the ground would permit us. Then came the usual ascent over a barren mountain side, then the precipitous descent into the green valley. We were able to ride for two hours, crossing and re-crossing the stream perpetually, following a narrow track through a wilderness of ginger, prickly pear, and guava bushes.

"In this part there was nothing particularly interesting except numerous specimens of *pihi*, salvia—a very prolific escape, and *kokokolo*, but a little further I found a single specimen of *ahuhu*—*tephrosia piscatoria*—a plant formerly used by the native fishers to stupefy the fish they wished to catch, much in the same manner as is done by the modern fishers in the Sea of Galilee.

"At length further progress on horseback was impracticable. We dismounted, tethered the horses in an orange grove, ate a hearty meal, quenched our thirst from the stream, and then prepared to advance. With my specimen case tightly strapped across my shoulders, and a long pole in my hand, I started on behind K. as guide. The journey was amusing as well as interesting, for our way lay up stream, and the major part of the journey had to be made waist-deep in water and against the full force of innumerable cataracts. Of course every now and then

it was possible to get through the woods and tree ferns of the bank, but after a time the valley became so narrow that the boulders of the stream and the water formed the only pathway. The water, coming from the mountain heights, was almost icy cold, the boulders were so hot that you could not lay your hand on them, and the creepers along the bank were so thick that progress meant a constant series of more or less amusing incidents. The scenery, too, above us was very grand. On either side, rising to a height of several thousand feet, the bluffs seemed almost spanned by the white wings of the boat-swain bird, which occasionally flew across, the single feather of its long tail trailing in the breeze.

“ We went on like this for three hours, until, sad to relate, our boots were nothing but a mass of pulp, and had to be tied together with pocket-handkerchiefs, ferns, grass, creepers, or anything we could lay our hands upon. Just as we were almost inclined to give up and begin the return journey, K. went on a little way in advance, and came back with the coveted prize. There were about twelve roots of *Hillebrandia Sandwicensis* there, and three specimens were in flower. These we secured, and pressed at the time well enough to be able to keep them till we got home. The large whitish-pink clusters of blossom, as big as one's fist, make it one of the most beautiful flowers imaginable, and worthy of being better known. The vegetation here was quite different from that at the mouth of the valley. Trailing down the mountain sides, with its strong ringed stems, stiff lanceolate leaves, large orange-coloured flower clusters and red berries, was the striking climber known as *Ieie* (*Freycinetia Arnotti*). In

the same region the *wauke*, or paper mulberry, was very common. This is the tree which furnishes the fibre from which the natives manufactured their *kapa* or paper cloth. Then there was also the *lehua* (*metrosideros polymorpha*) with its red flower, regarded by many as the specially national flower of Hawaii. The wood of this tree is extremely hard, and from it many of the old idols were made.

“We climbed the side of the mountain for some distance, got a few ground shells, saw a great variety of ferns, and by this time the condition of our ‘understandings’ showed us the propriety of starting back. Indeed, it was an open question how far bare feet were or were not preferable to a mass of pulp and rag, in which the nails seemed the only constituents which would keep under our soles. However, bare feet were the worse when it came to burning boulders or prickly vegetation, so that we accepted the ills we knew rather than flee to others of which we had no experience. How much longer the return journey seemed than the other! It is enough to say that when it seemed that the hobbling was fast becoming a further impossibility, the orange grove came in sight, and we found means to reach the saddlebags for the tinned beef and bread, which hunger made very welcome. This put out of sight, we saddled the horses and rode back as we came. Fortunately for the equanimity of the Lahaina folk, it was dark before we got home, so that our appearance had no chronicler among the local gossips. What it was may be better imagined than described. Once home, however, it was soon changed, as was also the appearance of the supper table,

which underwent a process of denudation in something considerably less than geological time.

“I must omit descriptions of other expeditions and picnics that we had. On the evening of Thursday I was on the wharf awaiting the *Kinau*, and early the following morning once more ashore in Honolulu.

“How lovely the Cathedral grounds looked after the wild scenery of Maui! I was even glad to be at home again to have leisure to enjoy my holiday.”


CHAPTER XIV.

A Chinese New Year Celebration.

CHINESE NEW YEAR'S DAY—A DEARTH OF SERVANTS—MY ROOMS IN GALA DRESS—THE LEGEND OF THE NEW YEAR FLOWER—"HOOKAPUS"—CHINATOWN DECORATIONS—THE TEMPLE OF THE GOD OF WAR—A HEATHEN SERVICE—NEW YEAR VISITS—SALUTATIONS—A CHRISTIAN SERVICE—THE OFFICIAL RECEPTION—GORGEOUS ROBES—A ROUND OF VISITS—MORE TEA AND SWEETMEATS—CHINESE ETIQUETTE—FIREWORKS—END OF THE FESTIVITIES AND RETURN OF THE SERVANTS.

"Honolulu,

"Jan. 28th, 1887.

"AST Sunday was New Year's day among the Celestials of the kingdom. It is worth seeing how the Chinese manage, as they do not do things by halves. They began their holiday on the Saturday, and the whole city was consequently left without cook, groom, or servant of any kind. This is the opportunity for the young ladies to display their culinary accomplishments, and it is satisfactory to add that the Honolulu ladies do not fail in this ordeal. But when the household is a bachelor one the question is different, and the cookery is reduced to its simplest terms.

"The night before New Year's Day I gave over my rooms to some of my Chinamen to put into proper

Oriental gala dress. A large table placed against the wall constituted the equivalent of the household altar in the heathen houses. At the back of it, in a beautiful porcelain pot, was placed the indispensable narcissus, the New Year flower, or *shui sen fa*—water-spirit flower. The use of this is connected with an old bit of Chinese folklore, akin to 'Cinderella,' a story which tells of two sons, the elder favoured by his father, the younger neglected and driven penniless from home. Weeping by the side of a pool of water, the younger son was accosted by a water-spirit, who pointed out the beautiful white blossoms of the narcissus and, with a truly Chinese eye to business, bade him gather them and sell them through the empire. The young man took the fairy's advice, made his fortune, and so, according to the story, established the custom of exhibiting the *shui sen fa* in blossom on New Year's Day.

"In front of this the festival red cloth was spread with a choice array of dainties. All manner of sweetmeats abounded on a tray, piles of oranges of three sorts rose on either hand. There was the large orange which we call *luk*, as big as a melon, then the ordinary size we are accustomed to in England, and lastly the little China orange about as big as a greengage. Besides these there were trays of melon seeds and *li-chis*, pots of preserved ginger and pickled oranges, and, of course, a pile of my own Chinese visiting cards, with my name in Chinese, *Kau-en*, printed on red paper, folded to the length of two or three inches. On another table was the indispensable tea-basket, with plenty of little cups floating in a bowl of water.

“ The holiday for the servants at this time of the year is a thoroughly recognized and well deserved one, as the Chinese ask no other throughout the year. All households, however, are treated alike, so the inconvenience is one easily borne. The Chinese make presents at this time to their employers, thus reversing the Christmas-box customs of Old England. Some of these *hookapus* are very nice, and testify to the good relations existing between masters and servants. The usual form they take is in parcels of preserved oranges, ginger, dates, or *li-chis*.

“ Where the Chinese go to is something of a mystery, but Chinatown seems to swallow them all up, and every house there must be gorged to its utmost capacity. Every street is gaily decorated with lanterns and grotesque devices. The festivities in the case of the majority of Chinese began at midnight. The heathen went to their joss-houses and began their devotions. I went to one to see what was going on, and going up the steps found myself in the temple dedicated to the god of war.

“ There is no real priest in Honolulu, but several men are to be found sufficiently acquainted with the ritual procedure to be able to perform acceptably the duties of the office. The joss-house is invariably situated by the side of a stream, like the old Jewish *proseuchæ* or prayer-places (*cf.* Acts xvi. 13). There were three altars, with idols on them in a sort of shrine. The large altar in the middle was most gorgeous with gilding and carving, and on it stood trays of charcoal with the incense-sticks of the worshippers burning in them, as one sees the votive tapers in continental cathedrals. The sides of the temple

were hung with standards and symbols of various kinds connected with the worship of the god. On mats in front of the altars were prostrated a large number of men, all intently muttering their prayers to *Heo-wong-ka*. Then, between two of them, comes a priest, who squats himself down, takes up two pieces of sandal-wood, and tosses them to try the worshipper's luck. These luck-sticks are flat on one side and convex on the other, and the luck of the devotee depends upon whether the sticks come down on the flat or the curved side. They are thrown seven times, and the priest marks the result each time in a book, and at the end proceeds to explain it. After the man has tried his luck by means of this and other kinds of sortilege, he buys his incense sticks, has them placed on the altar, then buys his paper of prayers and, kindling them at the altar, takes them outside to be reduced to ashes.

"After the joss-house has been visited, the usual thing is to start out on a long round of visits. Some of our men were about visiting as early as one o'clock in the morning. There is a good deal of ceremony observed in the New Year visits, and it is as well to know the right etiquette and the right form of salutation. The heathen have many stereotyped forms of salutation, but they all seem more or less expressions of the wish that you may be lucky and make plenty of money during the New Year. The Christian salutation is as follows :—

“ ‘ Khyung hi sin nyen.’

May you have a happy New Year.

‘ Shong Ti tsuk fuk ngi.’

May God bless you.

“We had a very hearty service in our little Church. It would have interested people at home to see the men in their flowing robes and holiday hats and shoes, the women and children in their brightest silks and embroidery, with (I am afraid) a good deal more colour on their faces than nature had given them. Our singing was of the very heartiest description. Strange to say, the Chinese, who are not naturally singers at all, since singing must necessarily destroy the sense of the Chinese words by taking away the tones, develop great powers of singing when they come to Church, and English and Hawaiians alike used often to linger round our doors wondering at the lusty praises of our little band of Chinese Christians. I gave them an address on the way Christianity makes all things new, and then the congregation flocked across to my house, where we had a sort of informal New Year reception. It was such a happy, chattering assembly of men, exchanging congratulations and visiting cards, and partaking of my *thong ko* or sweetmeats and tea.

“After this, I went off to the official reception at the rooms of the United Chinese Society, a most superb affair. Four chief officials in Mandarin costume, stood in the centre of the room to receive visitors, and all round stood members of the Committee in bright blue or yellow robes; tea was brought, cards exchanged, then I departed to pay other visits.

“It was not, however, till the next day that I began my regular tour of visits. Starting out early in the morning I managed during the day to pay as many as forty-one visits, drinking about that number of cups of

tea (very small cups, of course), and partaking of sweetmeats in proportion. In some of the big merchants' stores everything was very ceremonious; the *thong ko* had to be received with both hands held out, there was a vast amount of bowing, the children had to prostrate themselves, and bump their foreheads on the ground three times. It is the custom to carry about with you a number of small coins, wrapped up in red paper, and these you bestow upon the children in the stores. The poorer Chinese have also, at this season, *their* harvest to reap. They print their names and petitions for charity on strips of paper, and paste them on the doors of their richer brethren. Then, on New Year's day or the day after, they come round with their baskets and receive the coins tossed to them.

“But the feature, *par excellence*, of the celebration is the letting-off of squibs and fire-crackers, an amusement carried on on the most extraordinary scale. This year, the day falling on Sunday, fireworks were prohibited within certain hours, but the temporary cessation was made up for afterwards, and no less than sixteen enthusiastic Chinamen were haled before the police justice for using prohibited hours. Every Chinaman remains within his house, according to the heathen custom, till a man personating the devil and dragonishly accoutred has gone by. Then they speed the parting guest with volleys of crackers, so as to form a continuous fusillade of rattle and bang. In Chinatown the explosion is such that you may go out to dinner, and sit an hour or two, without a chance of hearing, or getting heard, a single word. The roads in some places were nearly an inch deep with red

paper, the relics of the strenuous efforts made to scare away all evil spirits from Celestial households.

“By the Wednesday most of the servants had come back, happy and sober, to resume their duties with the accustomed sedateness for another year.

“I had to keep up my visiting and feasting till the Thursday, and by this time I had got quite to dislike the sight of a cup of tea.”

CHAPTER XV.

Conclusion.

S. ANDREW'S CATHEDRAL—FOUNDED BY KAMEHAMEHA IV.—THE CHANCEL OPENED, CHRISTMAS, 1886—TWO BAYS OF THE NAVE COMPLETED, JUNE, 1888—OPENING SERVICES—PLEASANT MEMORIES OF THE CHILDREN—CONFIRMATIONS—EASTER, 1889—THE CHINESE SCHOOL—CHRISTMAS DAY, 1888—CHINESE CHRISTMAS TREE—TWO CHINESE LETTERS—LAST WORDS.



HERE is little more that I wish to include in these chapters. I have touched but briefly on Church work in Hawaii. It has not been my object to speak of that, but rather to give a few sketches of Hawaiian scenery and life. I did not intend to speak of it at all, but now, as I think of the time passed there in work for Christ, of the brightness, the joy, the real pleasure of those years that are gone, there are many visions which rise before me of which I would fain give some glimpse to those who have accompanied me thus far.

First and foremost there rises the vision of the Cathedral of S. Andrew, Honolulu, alas, still unfinished, but so far as it is complete, the fruit of many prayers, and longings, and faithful alms. It was the desire of its royal founder, Kamehameha IV., to see this Church completed and filled with crowds of his countrymen, but he and his dynasty passed away long ere the work had very far

advanced. Still, though there has been much that one would like to forget connected with the building of S. Andrew's Cathedral, though, in one sense, it is a monument of disappointed hopes, and though, for twenty years, those who passed by thought "upon her stones, and it pitied them to see her in the dust," as they looked upon the beautiful carvings lying around the weed-grown precincts in the rotting boxes wherein they had been brought from England, yet the "something accomplished" which the eyes of Kamehameha and his royal spouse were not permitted to see may well fill the hearts of the present generation with gratitude and joy.

Happily, it was my pleasure to see much progress made in the building of the Cathedral. Day by day the walls grew, and, as all the stone had been cut in England, it was like the building of Solomon's temple, without sound of axe or hammer.

"Like some tall palm the noiseless fabric sprung."

It was a red-letter day in the story of the Anglican Church in Hawaii when, on Christmas Day, 1886, we left behind for ever the old wooden building which had served as a pro-Cathedral for twenty years, and entered the beautiful structure of stone whose pillared strength seemed to symbolize the establishment of the Church in the land where she had hitherto been a stranger.

Only the chancel was built at this time, so arranged and furnished as to seat a fairly large congregation. But the part thus completed naturally stirred in the hearts of Honolulu Churchmen the desire to see more done; so a real impetus was given to the resumption of building

operations, with the gratifying result that in June, 1888, two bays of the nave were completed and opened for worship.

This event is briefly described in the following extract :—

“June 4th, 1888.

“We have all been busy with the opening of that portion of our Cathedral which has just been completed, two bays of the nave, which, together with the chancel opened over a year ago, will now give us a worthy temple in which to worship. All Saturday last was taken up in decorating, and I have never seen the wealth of tropical flowers and foliage used with better taste or to more advantage.

“At each service on the Sunday the Cathedral was crowded, the English, Hawaiian, and Chinese congregations all combining together to render one hearty service of thanksgiving to Almighty God.

“The celebration of Holy Communion was at 6.30 on Sunday morning, fully choral, and attended by a large number of communicants. The most crowded service, however, was at 11 a.m., when the King, Queen, and all the leading people of the city were present, and a sermon worthy of the occasion was preached by the Rev. G. Wallace, Pastor of the second English-speaking congregation. The offertory during the day amounted to \$700. In the afternoon, at two o'clock, I took the first baptism in the new portion of our Cathedral, receiving into the Church another little Chinese baby.”

Among the brightest and clearest of the visions which

come to me are those of work in the schools among the children.

I think of the native schools, and straightway I see the girls with their laughing eyes, brimming over with fun, and yet so ready to learn, so quick to respond. Whether it was in Bible Classes, or Confirmation Classes, or Communicants' Classes, there was ever the same open intelligence which endeared these children of Hawaii to the teacher's heart, and makes the memory of those times ever fresh.

Confirmation Classes, for young people and old alike, or for individuals, as they often had to be, were always a pleasure, and had sometimes elements of unusual interest. I think there is something of this in the Confirmation mentioned in the following extract :—

“ May 3rd, 1889.

“ All the Holy Week and Easter Services went off very calmly and happily, and I held Chinese Services every evening with the special object of attracting large numbers of heathen as hearers of the Word.

“ On Tuesday evening, in Holy Week, we had a Confirmation, at which twenty-two candidates were presented. It was interesting to notice that these twenty-two included Chinese, Hawaiian, English, German, American and Negro, so that the different races for which Christ died were strikingly represented. Europe, Asia, Africa, America, and Oceania each gave its contribution.

“ On Easter Day, we had the services going on all day as usual, at *seven* of which I assisted, preaching three times. At the Cathedral we had 109 Communicants at

the first celebration at 6.30 a.m., and about 60 or 70 at the other two. At the Chinese celebration we had 27 Communicants, which, counting the three or four Chinese who communicated at the English services, represented all in the city who were able to come."

A close rival to the attractions of the School for Native Girls was the Chinese School, near to my heart for many reasons. It was as pretty a sight as one could wish for, to see the rows of staid little Orientals, patiently at work with their paint brushes on the queer-looking characters of their language, or to see them come up to say their lessons, turning their backs to their teacher as Chinese etiquette prescribes. We used here the same books as have been used in the process of Chinese education for 2,500 years, and it is a curious illustration of the unchanging nature of Eastern institutions, that with all the changing codes and standards of the West, we were using the scheme laid down by Confucius. Of course, we had beyond this religious instruction and lots of singing, which Chinese children enjoy. For, staid as they look, Chinese children have plenty of noise in them. All lessons have to be studied aloud, as it is impossible to read Chinese "under the breath," and when the School is in full swing learning and reciting lessons, you can hear it when you are a street or two off.

Then after school there would be such a sudden incursion of "young barbarians," such a scampering and pattering of little feet on my verandah and into my house, such shouts of "*Kung tsai*," that is to say, "picture books"—which were always in great demand.

A great event for the Chinese children was the annual Christmas tree, to which they would look forward far more eagerly than English children are accustomed to do.

Here is a short description of the Chinese Christmas tree we had in 1888:—

“Jan. 10th, 1889.

“All the Christmas festivities went off very nicely. On Monday we were busy all day decorating the Chinese Church. We had a new text for the altar, a new text for the screen, fern wreathing all over the screen and around the room, large Chinese vases full of flowers, and plenty of roses and lilies everywhere.

“On Tuesday, Christmas Day, the services were—

- “6.30. Holy Communion, 91 Communicants.
- 7.30. Holy Communion, 64 Communicants.
- 9.30. Morning Prayer, with sermon by the Bishop.
- 11.0. Chinese Mattins.
- 12.0. Chinese Celebration of Holy Communion.
- 3.30. Hawaiian Evensong and Baptisms.
- 6.0. English Evensong, with sermon by myself.

“On Wednesday I was busy all day decorating the old pro-Cathedral building for the Chinese Christmas Tree. We used branches of chili-pepper with their red capsules for holly, had festoons of fern *leis* all round the room, decorated the screen in a barbaric fashion with red, blue, and white, and made the tree—a large wooden frame—blossom and fruit even better than last year.

“We began at 6.30 p.m. I opened with some collects in Chinese and a short address in the same tongue.

Then we had a Magic Lantern Entertainment, in which Jack the Giant-killer, Cinderella, and John Gilpin proved as diverting as to children in England.

“After this came the distribution of presents, of which each child had three, and everyone in the room was well supplied with oranges, apples, cakes, and a fan.

“Interspersed we had joyous Christmas hymns and carols in Chinese, all of which were sung with the greatest earnestness and enthusiasm, and soon after 10 p.m. the room sent forth a very happy and contented crowd.

“In our Chinese schools we learned both English and Chinese, English for three hours during the morning and Chinese for three hours during the afternoon.

“Our scholars were not inapt in picking up English, but, of course, few of them ever got over the habit of using ‘pidgin’ English.

Here are a couple of letters, or extracts from letters, which I subjoin not only as specimens of Chinese English, but as testimony to the zeal and faith of the Chinese Christians. It will be seen that the latter is far more English than the former.

The first is as follows :—

“I am received your kind letter and introduction paper, which I had from Sz Yung deliver for me, and I open to see it. We are very glad to thank you very much. I tell my little boy A Tet to know you give love to him. He is very laugh to say Mr. Gowen not yet forget to him and he all time play to ask me Mr. Gowen he go where, I never see him for a long time, how long he come back here. My wife tolt him he will come back soon and then

he is very glad. Now I tell you know we get some more lady to come our Church on Sunday. They come from Hongkong with Mr. Aseu come here, and he get one boy one girl more. Now he send one young boy go to school, he study there few years and then use him to do Mission work. Now I tell you know on every Sunday we all brother and sister come all together to sit full the new Church."

And here is the other, from one of the men, who writes to tell me about the starting of a Bible Class. He says:—

"We have twenty-two regular members. Of course there are a few others when we have the meetings. We have the meetings on every Wednesday evening at 7 o'clock, in the Chinese Church vestry, opened with a prayer and a hymn. Then we read a chapter from the Bible and explain by the president. The officers are, Fu Pio, President, Ten Yong, Vice-President, Yok Hon, Secretary, and myself, Treasurer. Every member has to pay 10 cents every week and the money we get is to buy some books, such as Bibles and Tune books to the hymn books, and sometimes to help some of our brethren when he is very in need of any help. Every three months we have a Social, and the same time to elect new officers. When we start this Society we does not mean to help and buy books only but also to keep our young men together so we all know each other and for the good of the Church. I do not know if it was a good idea or not, because it was started by the young men only. But most of the elders said it was a very good thing for us young men to do."

And now I have done. God has willed that my work henceforth should be elsewhere, though still among the countrymen of the writers of these last letters. So my Honolulu life is over, and my last Honolulu letter written. But I desire to "gather up the fragments," and looking over all the letters which I have written during the last five years, I thought there might be a few things which would interest a wider circle than that for which they were written.

In this hope I send them forth. May they give a portion of the pleasure which I had during my life in the "Paradise of the Pacific."

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